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THE
SUFFERINGS
OF
The Family of ORTENBERG.
A
NOVEL.

VOL. III.

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OF

THE FAMILY OF ORTENBERG



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OF
The Family of ORTENBERG,
A
NOVEL.

Translated from the German of
AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE,

By P. WILL,
Minister of the Reformed Congregation
in the Savoy.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1799.

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SUFFERINGS

OF THE

Family of Ortenberg.

CHAPTER I.

Roving the world from pole to pole
Illumes with light the darken'd soul,
Dispels the gloom of prejudice
And fills the mind with wond'reous bliss.
The man who travers'd sea and land,
And as to distant climes he went,
Enrich'd his mind with precious lore
Which to th' observer ev'ry shore
And ev'ry clime affords, grows wise
And neither thinks a Paradise
This world, nor sees with darken'd eyes
Nought on this globe but vanity
And splendid, dear-bought misery.
He learns to love and tolerate
His brethren, sees how wisely fate
Directs the ways of man; his mind
Is stored with knowledge and refin'd
From foolish pride and arrogance.

He is not fetter'd by the trance
 Of party zeal, and ever prone
 To honour virtue on the throne
 And in the cell of ev'ry zone.

“**Y**OU know, children, that I left Holland clandestinely. The ship in which I went, was designed to sail for Batavia; The Captain was an honest fellow, and had promised to procure me a place in the counting-house of one of his friends at Java. No stings of conscience tormented me; because all objects which I beheld, were yet too new to me, and my romantic imagination was too much occupied with visionary dreams.

* “ The first four weeks of our voyage bore a very propitious aspect;

• The subsequent dreadful tale is literally true. If one or the other of my readers should have read it already somewhere else, I hope he will read it a second time without being angry with me for letting honest Ortenberg relate it in his own way.

the

the sea was as smooth as a mirror, and the wind favourable, when suddenly, on a Tuesday, a misfortune befel us, the bare idea of which makes my hair bristle. I was standing on deck, conversing with the Captain, when suddenly the cry of, fire! fire! spread terror and confusion among the crew. All our men were instantly upon their legs, the Captain flew down into the hold, and I was close at his heels, my heart beating violently in my breast.

“Where is the fire?”

“Here, Captain, here!” exclaimed the pale sailors, pointing at a cask. We put our hands upon it, but could not perceive the least heat.

“Boys, you are mad!” exclaimed the captain: “how can you make such a confounded noise about nothing? What is the matter?”

“Every one wanted to speak first.

A 2

“Silence,

“ Silence, my lads ! let the Mate speak ! ” The Mate related, that the cabin-boy had gone down to fetch some brandy, and had suspended his lamp to the cask which lay upon that from which he drew the liquor. A spark from the wick fell unfortunately into the bung-hole, the brandy caught fire, the cask burst, and the burning liquor got among the charcoals. Some pails of water were poured upon the coals, and the fire seemed to be entirely extinguished.

“ Water ! more water ! ” exclaimed the Captain : “ Pour a deluge on the coals ! ”

“ The coals began to swim. “ It is of no consequence ! ” said the Captain to me. We went again upon deck, resuming our conversation and smoking our pipes.

“ But what should happen ? Half an hour after, we heard again violent cries
of

of fire. The Captain flew down, and I after him. It was a confounded ugly business. The flames beat in our faces, the fire had spread among the coals, and the danger was the more pressing as three rows of brandy-casks were piled upon one another, contiguous to the coals. An immense quantity of water was poured upon them, when a new misfortune added to the danger of our situation. The half-extinguished coals caused such a thick, sulphureous, and benumbing smoak, that we were in danger of being suffocated. However, we struggled bravely against the impending danger. The Captain maintained his post like a man, commanding his people with the greatest calmness, and the fellows relieved each other by turns, to respire a few moments on deck. However, several of the crew were suffocated before they could get out of the hold. I myself was obliged

to lean my head against a cask, and to turn my face towards the opening, to draw a mouthful of pure air.

“ Neither the Captain nor myself could, at length, stand it any longer ; we were obliged to quit the hold, and I advised him to order his gunpowder to be thrown over board. But he would not listen to my advice. “ What the d***l shall we do, if an enemy were to attack us ? ” I thought being taken was not half so bad as being blown up. However, he was of a different opinion, and the gunpowder remained where it was.

“ The fire crashed and crackled in a dreadful manner, the suffocating smoke grew thicker and thicker, and no person could stay in the hold any longer. The fellows took to their hatchets, and cut holes through the lower deck, pouring floods of water down. Our long-boat had been in sea three weeks, and the little boat had been also launched,

launched, because it was in the way of the people. The general terror was dreadful, no land nor ship was near, and nothing could be seen but fire and water. Our people slipped over-board, one after the other, and swam to the boats, where they concealed themselves under the benches, intending to leave us in the lurch, as soon as their number should be large enough.

"The steersman accidentally looked over board, and perceived the boats crowded with people; those that were in the long-boat, called and beckoned to him; fear made him turn a traitor; he jumped over board, and joined his companions. "But let us at least take the Captain in!" "D**n the Captain!" replied the fellows, "his command is at an end." They cut the cable, and rowed away. I could not blame them for it; for, every one is his own nearest neighbour.

"I was still on the lower deck, assisting the Captain. We worked till the sweat ran in streams from our bodies, apprehending no treachery, when our people suddenly exclaimed, "Merciful God! we are lost; the boats have given us the slip!" You may easily conceive how we stared when we got on the upper deck, and saw the fugitives row briskly away. But what could we do? The Captain ordered all the sails to be hoisted, and his people to endeavour to come up with the traitors, being determined to run them down, if they should refuse to take us in.

"We strained every nerve to overtake them; but Providence ordained it otherwise. We were within a cable's-length from them, when they gained the wind, and we soon lost sight of them.

"Children," said the Captain, "make your peace with God, and redouble

double your exertions, otherwise we shall be inevitably lost. Run and throw the gunpowder over board, before the fire reaches the barrels."

"Disorder and confusion prevailed in the vessel; some ran to the powder-barrels, others drew water, and the carpenters endeavoured to bore holes into the ship, in order to fill it $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot with water, but could not penetrate, because the covering of her bottom was lined with strong iron plates. When this last expedient to save the vessel miscarried also, the crew set up the most terrible lamentations which made my hair stand erect.

"Do not give way to despair," said the Captain, "God may yet preserve us. More water, my lads!"

"More water was poured down; despair gave us additional strength; we poured torrents upon the flame, and the fury of the fire seemed to abate.

“However, our joy was of a short duration. The oil casks caught fire, a circumstance which rendered our situation still more desperate. The more water we poured upon the flame, the more furiously did it blaze, spreading farther and farther. My senses almost denied me their service, and a cold tremor ran through my frame. Yet we continued our labour with unabating assiduity, carrying water into the hold, and throwing powder barrels over board. We had already flung sixty barrels into the sea; however, there were still three hundred left: they took fire, and the ship blew up, and was shivered into millions of pieces in a twinkling of an eye.

“I was just standing on deck, by the main-mast, commanding sixty-three men, who were drawing water, there being still a hundred and nineteen people on board. We flew like lightning.

lightning into the air. I expanded my arms, thought once more of God—which but too many do first when they are at the brink of eternity—and found myself suddenly in the water, among the wrecks of the vessel.

“ Love of life soon restored me to the use of my senses ; I looked round me and beheld the main-mast at my right and the fore-mast at my left hand. I got upon the former, and, groaning, contemplated the dreadful scene of destruction which exhibited itself to my eyes. Not one living soul besides myself was to be seen. I was on the brink of despair, cursed the hour of my birth on account of my impending destruction. I thought of my father without tears, of God without murmuring, and bemoaned the juvenile rashness which had involved me in that lamentable situation. I was already on the point of plunging into the water, to shorten

the agonies of death, when my dog raised his head above the waves and swam towards me. Words cannot express the sensations which I felt on seeing that faithful animal. The feelings which agitated my mind were so powerful as to draw tears from my eyes for the first time since my infancy. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed I, "come and die with your master!"

"The dog came nearer and crawled upon the mast; however, it turned itself so frequently under me, that I had the greatest difficulty to keep myself upon it, and the dog was repeatedly thrown into the water. I endeavoured, therefore, to lay hold of a flat piece of the steerage, upon which I saved myself with the dog.

"Fear of death had hitherto superseded every sensation of bodily pain, but I now began to be sensible of the consequences of my fall. My backbone seemed to be fractured, and my
head

head was wounded in two different places. I was seized with a kind of insensibility, and the dog licked my wounds.

“Towards evening I recovered the full use of my senses, and cast my eyes all around in hopes of discovering the long-boat. I actually saw it; but at a very great distance. The sun was setting, and my last hope declined with the light of day. I began to prepare for death. Oh! my friends, the hour of dissolution is an awful and trying one; especially when we have not acted as we ought to have done. Conscience awakes in those moments and exercises its natural right. That dreadful remembrancer then recalls to our recollection every folly which we have committed, and makes us pay dear for every transgression of our duty. We ought, indeed, always to ask ourselves, before we commit any action: would you
 involved ” act

act thus if this were the last hour of your life? and, believe me, we then would act differently in many instances.

“All my sins crowded on my recollection; I imagined I saw my poor father and my mother before me. That night was the most agonizing period of my whole life. However, I thank God for it: it recalled me to the path of virtue. I was a raw and thoughtless young man, and nothing but such a severe trial could have made me sensible of my errors.—

“I committed myself to the mercy of the waves all the night, and my dog whined by my side. The darkness which surrounded me was at length dispelled by the dawn of day, and—imagine how great my joy was—the long-boat was not above sixty yards distant from me. I called as loud as I could: “For God’s sake save poor Ortenberg!”

“Several

“Several sailors heard me. “Ortenberg is not dead!” exclaimed they, and rowed towards me. However, as the piece of steerage upon which I was sitting was entirely surrounded by the wrecks of the ship, they were afraid to come near me, apprehending that they should run foul of the large pieces of timber which floated on the water. They called my dog, but the faithful animal refused to leave his unfortunate master. They desired me to swim to the boat; however, my wounds had impaired my strength too much.

“The purser plunged at length into the water, and brought me a line which I tied round my waist. Thus I got safely into the boat, where I met Van Hoorn, the first mate. The crew surveyed me sometime with speechless astonishment, and permitted me to retire to a kind of cabin in the hind part of the boat, where

two people could sit. There I recovered a little from my pains and terror.

“ But what should we do now ? I advised Van Hoorn to keep near the wreck till day break, expecting we should be able to pick up some provisions, with which our people were but scantily provided, and, perhaps, find a compass ; but was told “ that the second mate, perceiving that the crew were preparing to quit the ship, had taken it out of the cabin and gone to the bottom along with it.”

“ As for the provisions, Van Hoorn did not think proper to follow my advice, although I assured him “ that I had been surrounded with barrels of cheese and salt meat the preceding evening when I had been sitting on the mast.” We plied our oars diligently, expecting we should see land after sun rise. The sun rose, we had lost sight of the wrecks of the vessel,
but.

but could see no land. Our people grew quite faint-hearted. They agreed that I should be their captain, because they knew that I had some knowledge of navigation. I crept forth from my little cabin to review my people who seemed to be quite exhausted with rowing. I inquired what provisions they had, and they shewed me eight pounds of biscuit, which was their whole stock.

“I forbade them instantly to row, because they had no means of refreshing themselves. I ordered them to pull off their shirts and to make sails of them. But where should we get thread? We were obliged to untwist the lines which were in the boat and to shift as well as we could. We had soon patched all our shirts together and made small sails of them. Our fellow-adventurers in the other boat followed our example.

“Our whole number consisted of
seventy-

seventy-two people, namely, forty-six in the long-boat and twenty-six in the other. They provided me, on account of my mangled body, with a blue cloak and a blanket, the only cover which we had saved. Our surgeon was one of those who had saved themselves in the long-boat, but had not a single medicine. He put a poultice of biscuit on my wounds, and they mended rapidly, nature being assisted by my sound blood. I had offered my shirt to be likewise applied for sails; however, my companions would not take it.

“We sailed with a fresh breeze, and had no other guide but the stars. The day on which I was saved by the crew of the long-boat, was the twentieth of November.—The heat was intolerable in the day-time, the sun standing directly over our heads, and my teeth chattered at night with cold, against which my dog alone protected

protected me in some degree. We were occupied on the twenty-first of November and the two following days in composing a Jacob's staff, to take the altitude. The ship's carpenter, who also knew something of navigation, assisted me faithfully, and we succeeded, at last, after much trouble, in finishing an instrument which answered our purpose tolerably well. I drew a map upon a board, sketching Java and Sumatra with the straight which divides them, upon it.

“I had taken the altitude already on the first day of our misery, and found that we were in the fifth or sixth degree of the Southern latitude, and, consequently, only about 100 miles from land. I repeated my observations every day. We divided the seven or eight pounds of biscuits which were in our possession, in equal shares, and every one of us received his daily allowance as long as
it

it lasted. We also had nothing to drink, neither of the two boats being provided with water. We spread our sails when it rained, and after they were soaked through squeezed the water into two small casks, the only ones which we had. This water served us in the day time to quench our thirst ; an old shoe was our goblet.

“ My companions insisted, notwithstanding our great want, upon my eating and drinking my fill, alledging that they could not navigate the boats without my advice, and that the diminution of provisions which this occasioned would not be much perceived. However, I took no more than the rest ; and slipt now and then a morsel into the mouth of my dog. The other boat was in as desperate a situation as ours, and the crew apprehended, besides, to be separated from us by a storm, especially as not one
of

of them had a sufficient knowledge of navigation, and our boat sailed much better than theirs. They conjured us therefore frequently to take them into our boat; however, our people would not listen to their request, for fear of exposing ourselves to the greatest danger.

“ We were at last reduced to the highest degree of misery; our biscuit was consumed, and no land could be seen. Hunger raged in our intrails—I was obliged to see—that my dog—who had licked my wounds—warmed my feet—.”

Here Ortenberg faltered, an involuntary tear started from his eye; he attempted several times to continue his narrative, however, his emotion denied him the power of utterance, and his auditors could not help being affected by the feelings of the venerable narrator, which spoke more powerfully to the heart than words could

could have done. Every eye was moistened.

Ortenberg resumed at length :
 " Children, I cannot speak of the dog ;
 upon my soul, I cannot ! " A pause.

" However, what should happen ?
 The crew began to murmur. I exerted my little eloquence, to persuade them that it was impossible we could be far from land ; but I attempted in vain to pacify them.

" They told me to my face, that I imposed upon them and myself, and had steered into the main ocean instead of sailing towards the coast.

" When we were reduced to the greatest distress, Providence sent us a great number of mews, who hovered a considerable time over our long boat, which enabled every one of us to catch a few of them without difficulty. They were instantly plucked and devoured raw. What a delicious meal ! But what was *one* meal to half-starved and emaciated

emaciated people? Two leaden days more elapsed, and the tortures of hunger returned again with additional fury.

“ Since we all must perish,” exclaimed Van Hoorn : “ let us die together and take our companions into the long-boat !”

“ This proposal met with no opposition this time. We took the people, the oars and sails out of their boat and left it to the mercy of the waves. We now had fifteen pair of oars in the long boat, which we divided among the rowers. We also were provided with a fore-mast, a mizen-mast, a large sail and a bowsprit. The boat was pretty roomy. I divided the crew in two parties, one of which was sitting, while the other was working the vessel, and thus they relieved each other by turns.

“ Heaven interposed once more in our behalf, sending us a great number

ber of flying fishes, which were as large as the largest whittings. We seized them with avidity when they dropt into the boat, and devoured them raw. Again only a temporary relief! We had, however, no sick among us, which surprised me the more, as some of the crew had drunk sea-water, notwithstanding my pressing remonstrances. Some gnawed their flints and balls, and others even drank their own urine.

“ Thus our distress increased every hour, and death seemed to gain gradually upon us. Heaven sent neither rain, nor mews, nor flying fishes to our assistance, and our meagre countenances displayed the most dreadful despair. Our people began to survey each other with a kind of savage ferocity; their greedy looks seemed to devour the flesh of their companions. Some began already to hint, that no other expedient was left than to kill a couple
of

of our young people. I shuddered at that horrid idea, my heart misgave me—I raised my eyes to Heaven, and implored God, not to inflict severer trials upon us than we could bear. I conjured my companions in the most affecting manner, to spare the young people. I shewed them my map, and the observations which I had made every day, and obtained at last, a respite of three days. However, they added, with the most horrid oaths, that they were determined to execute their infernal design, if we should not discover land within that time.

“ Thus the leaden hours crept slowly on, and the most excruciating torments of body and soul increased every moment. I myself was almost tempted by despair, to agree to their savage proposal; however, we all were exhausted so much the next morning, as to be scarcely able to stir. Few of my companions were

able to rise from their seats, and Van Hoorn could not move a limb. Although my wounds had weakened me very much, yet I was one of the strongest, and still could crawl from one end of the boat to the other.

“The sky began to be overclouded on the 2d of December, which was the thirteenth day after we had been shipwrecked. It began to rain violently, which refreshed us a little. The air being calm, we could spread out our sails, quench our burning thirst and fill our casks with water.

“I was just standing at the helm, examining my map, and concluded that it was impossible we could be far distant from land. I even hoped that the sky would clear up while I was on my post, and that I should descry the long sought shore. However, the cutting wind, and the violence of the air drove me at length away. The Quarter-Master relieved me,

me, and I crept into the midst of the crowd, to warm myself a little.

“ Not an hour had elapsed, when the sky cleared up, and the man at the helm, exclaimed unexpectedly : Land ! Land ! and we all were on our legs in an instant.

“ The word *land* seemed to have animated us with new life. All were eager to see the wished for shore, and thronged, pushed, and pressed upon each other with so much impatience, that I apprehended some would fall overboard. The fellow had seen right ; God be praised ! we were really in sight of land. My companions wept like children ; one ran against the other, and all were frantic with joy. I had great trouble to set them to work ; however, they soon began to row as briskly as if every one had had a leg of mutton for breakfast. We crowded all our canvasses, to make the coast ; however

the violence of the surge prevented our landing. We discovered at last, fortunately a small bay where we cast anchor, leaping on shore as if the gates of Paradise had been thrown open before us.

“We dispersed instantly in the woods in search of nourishment. I threw myself upon the ground, kissing it with weeping eyes. The first moment of safety after we have escaped some imminent danger, is unspeakably sweet. I was happier than words can express, forgot all my losses; thought of futurity without trembling, reflected with pleasure on the dangers which were past, and every incident, except the fate of my dog, which recurred to my recollection, afforded me satisfaction.

“We found nothing upon the island but cocoa nuts; not even a drop of sweet water. We regaled ourselves with the refreshing juice which the
the

the young nuts contained, and with the kernel of the riper ones.

“ The juice was at that time a greater luxury to our palate than Cape-wine, and we should have been prudent had we not drank too much of it. However, people who had fasted thirteen days, could not be expected to be moderate. We all lay in the evening sprawling upon the ground, convolving ourselves like worms; and our agonising pains lasted all night.

“ We dispersed ourselves in the morning over the island, but could not discover a living soul.

“ There were, indeed, in different places, vestiges of human foot-steps; however, we could find nothing but cocoa nuts.

“ We filled our boat with young and ripe nuts, and weighed anchor against evening, intending to look for the island of Sumatra, which we discovered

the next morning, the island where we had landed first, being only a few leagues distant from it. We coasted the western shore of Sumatra while our provisions lasted, till necessity forced us at last to land. However, this was no easy task, the surge being extremely violent. Five of our best swimmers got safely on shore, and ran down the coast, to see whether they could not find a convenient landing place, and coming at last to a river, made signs to us to steer towards it.

“We did it, but were prevented from working our vessel into the river; because a bank against which the waves broke in a furious manner, rendered its mouth extremely dangerous. I was afraid to attempt working our boat through the tremendous surge, without having previously obtained the general consent of my companions. I placed them
in

in two rows, and took the opinion of every individual. The fellows agreed unanimously that we should brave the danger. Well then, in the name of God, let us run the risk ! I stationed two sailors with oars at the stern to push the boat off in case of necessity, and Van Hoorn took hold of the helm to steer the vessel through the roaring surge.

“ The first wave almost filled the boat, and we were obliged to throw the water out with our hats, shoes, and whatever implement we could find. A second wave covered us entirely, and we were utterly incapable of making use of the helm or the oars. “ Boys ! ” exclaimed I, “ preserve the equilibrium of the boat, and throw the water out as fast as you can, lest we shall all be lost. ” A third wave came—I recommended my soul to the mercy of God ; however, the surge was already so low, as not to be able

to do us much injury, and we got safely out of our perilous situation.

“ We tasted the water, and were rejoiced to find that it was perfectly sweet. This discovery made us forget all our past sufferings. We landed at the right bank of the river, where the shore was covered with beautiful plants, amongst which we found a kind of small figs which I had tasted when in Holland. We made a most delicious meal. Savory ripe figs, sweet and clear water, were a treat which we had not expected to enjoy so soon.

“ Some of our people who had been roving over the island, found tobacco and fire, which gave us reason to hope that we could not be far from an inhabited spot. We fetched our two hatchets from the boat, to cut down some trees, and lighted large fires in different directions. My companions seated themselves around them and enjoyed the tobacco which they had

had found. We lighted an additional number of fires against evening, and three sentinels were stationed at the entrance of our little camp.

“ The moon was in her wane; the first half of the night elapsed without any sinister accident, except dreadful pains in our bowels, which was the effect of our having eaten too great a quantity of figs. I just began to feel myself a little better, and was going to lay myself down to sleep when our centinels informed us that the natives were advancing in large numbers.

“ The night was extremely dark; I concluded therefore that their design could not be of the most amicable nature. Our whole store of arms consisted, besides the above mentioned hatchets, in an old rusty sword, and we were, at the same time, so ill, as to be scarcely able to stir.

B 5

“ What

“What should we do? We resolved at least not to die unrevenged. We assisted each other to get upon our legs, armed ourselves with fire-brands and rushed furiously upon the enemy. The sparks flew far around, the fight was dreadful, and the Indians took instantly to their heels. This was no more than natural; for, how could they have known how large our numbers were? They also could not guess that we had no other arms but a couple of hatchets and a rusty sword.

“They retreated to the woods, and we sat down again round our fires, where we spent a very uncomfortable night; for, we started up when a lizard rustled in the dry grass. Van Hoorn had retired to the boat, to cover our rear in case of an attack.

“Three Indians came the next morning with the first dawn of day towards us from the wood. I dispatched three

three of my people, who already had made a voyage to India, and knew something of the language and the customs of the country, to meet them.

“Of what nation are you?” Was the first question.

“We are unfortunate merchants from Holland, whose vessel was burnt at sea, and who are come to request some provisions of you.”

“While they were treating together, the Indians proceeded towards the long-boat, to know whether we were provided with arms. However I had anticipated their errand, and ordered the sails to be spread over the vessel.”

“Undoubtedly?” said our people, “we have got plenty of muskets and more powder and ball than we shall want.”

“Upon this intelligence they marched off again, and promised to bring us

rice and fowls. They kept their word and we gave them about six shillings which we had collected amongst ourselves. They seemed to be perfectly satisfied with their bargain.

"Assume a commanding air," said I to our people, "and treat them as if you were at home here!"

"We sat down upon the grass with apparent unconcern, and began to feast upon our purchase.

"The three Indians staid with us while we dispatched our meal, and seemed to admire our keen appetite.

"We enquired after the name of their island. They pronounced a great number of unintelligible words; however, the word *Sumatra* was not amongst them. Nevertheless we were still in hopes that the island where we were could be no other; because they mentioned Java, and pointed with their hands towards the direction
in

in which we supposed it must be situated.

“ You cannot conceive how much we were rejoiced at the supposed confirmation of our hopes; for, as it is not practicable to navigate the great ocean without a compass, we apprehended constantly to rove at random on the extensive desert of the sea from east to west, and from west to east, without ever gaining the object of our wishes. And what was our final object? It was no other than to reach a Dutch port, and to be again among Christians. Block-head that I was! I was never worse treated than among Christians, and spent the happiest time of my life with an Heathen.

“ All seemed to be well; our people were cheerful and in good health, and impatient to quit the island; however, we were entirely destitute of provisions. What should we do? We discovered

discovered a kind of hamlet at some distance, and I resolved to venture going up the river in a canoe, with four of my companions, and to buy, for the remainder of our money, as much provisions as we could get.

“ We arrived safely within a small distance of the hamlet. I sent immediately rice and fowls to Van Hoorn, to divide them amongst our companions. As for myself, I had a most delicious meal with my fellow-adventurers. The beverage of the Indians, which they draw from a certain tree, was likewise not to be rejected, and almost got into our heads.

“ The islanders were standing around us, while we dined in public, and whenever we moved our hand to the plate, followed us with greedy looks, and devoured every morsel with their eyes, before we could carry it to our lips. When we had finished our meal, I purchased a buffalo ; however, the animal

animal was so wild and untractable, as to render it impossible for us to lay hold of him, or to drive him before us.

“ Time elapsed rapidly, and evening began to be setting in apace. I went towards the boat, intending rather to return again in the morning than to expose myself to the ferocity of the Indians. My attendants pressed me to give them leave to stay in the hamlet all night, pretending that they should be able to catch the buffalo in the dark. I attempted to dissuade them from their dangerous design; however they refused to listen to my remonstrances, and I consented at last to let them do as they pleased.

“ When I had almost gained the bank of the river, I met with a troop of Indians, who, as far as I could guess by their gestures, were consulting together whether they should let me pass unmolested or no ? My situation was
extremely

extremely dangerous. However, I seized two of them by the arm, and pushed them with the air of a commander who is not used to be contradicted, towards the canoe. They looked ferociously at me, but nevertheless got into the canoe, and began to row briskly. Both were armed with a dagger, or a *crid*, as they call it, and my life was, consequently, in their power.

“ When we had proceeded a little way, the hindmost came to me in the middle of the boat, where I was standing, and intimated to me by gestures, that he wanted money. I took a small coin out of my pocket, and offered it to him. He contemplated it at first with dubious looks, but at last wrapped it in a piece of callico, which he wore round his waist. It was but natural that his companion also expected to receive something for his trouble. He came also towards me,
and

and made the same gestures. I gave him likewise a piece of money which he turned round and round, and examined on both sides. He seemed more undetermined than his companion, whether he should keep it or dispatch me, which he could have done easily, as I was quite destitute of arms.

“You may conceive that I was rather uneasy at my situation. I was sensible of the greatness of the danger, and my heart beat violently. However, he kept it at last, and we proceeded down the river with great celerity. When we had finished nearly one half of our way, my two conductors began to converse with great heat, and I concluded by their gestures, that they were consulting whether they should attack me both at once? I cannot deny that I trembled violently. I knew not what to do; and in the agony of my heart began to sing with
so

so loud and vociferous a voice, as made the woods resound on both sides of the river. My conductors were seized with a violent fit of laughter, and stared a few moments at me with astonishment. I could conclude by their countenance, that they did not suspect me in the least of fear or mistrust; and thus learned by my own experience, what I frequently had heard asserted, but never would believe, that a high degree of fear urges man to sing.

“ When I perceived that this expedient succeeded, I continued to sing as loud as I could, while the boat proceeded down the river with great rapidity. I soon got sight of our boat, and made a signal to our people with my handkerchief, unperceived by my conductors. They saw it, and flew to my assistance.

“ I now endeavoured to make the Indians understand that they both must

must stand in the stern of the canoe, if I should be able to get on shore, because I apprehended one of them would attack me from behind, while I quitted their vessel. They obeyed without the least contradiction, and I joined at last my companions, without having received any injury.

“The two Indians inquired carefully, previous to their return, where we intended to spend the night? We pointed at some huts, which we had constructed of branches and leaves. They then inquired where Van Hoorn and I intended to sleep? We replied, “in the long-boat, under our sails;” upon which they got into their canoe, and paddled away.

“I related to our people every thing that had happened to me, and gave them hopes that we should see our companions again in the morning, with the buffalo which we had bought. The night passed in death-like stillness;

ness; the sun rose, but we saw neither our companions nor the buffalo, and began to be very apprehensive about the safety of the poor fellows. At length we saw two Indians driving a buffalo; however, I perceived instantly that it was not the same which I had bought the preceding day. One of our people, who had a little smattering of their language, inquired after the cause of that exchange, and what was become of my four companions. They pretended that the first buffalo had been too wild and ungovernable, and that our people would soon follow them with a second. This appeared suspicious to me; for the buffalo which they had brought us, was as wild and untractable as that of the preceding day. I ordered the animal to be knocked on the head instantly, for fear we should lose our purchase a second time.

“ When

“ When the two blacks saw the buffalo drop down, they set up a most dreadful howl, and from two to three hundred Indians rushed upon this signal from the woods directly towards the long-boat, probably with an intention to cut off our retreat, and to massacre every one of us without mercy. Those of our people who had been occupied in lighting a fire at some distance, perceived their intention first, and apprised us of it by a signal. I raised my eyes, and saw forty or fifty more Indians flying towards us from another side. Our situation was desperate; however, I animated my people not to be faint-hearted. “ They are naked wretches,” said I; “ let us fight them in the plain, and I will pledge my word we will soon make them run away as fast as they came.” However, I had reckoned without my host. They grew more numerous every moment.

Most

Most of them were armed with a shield, and had a short sword in the right-hand.

"Let us retreat to the boat!" exclaimed I, when I saw this; for it would have been madness, if our small, defenceless troop had attempted to engage immense numbers, a grain of sand against a billow of the sea. We ran as fast as we could towards the long-boat, and those who could not run fast enough, plunged into the river, and swam on board. The enemy was close at our heels.

"We were, unfortunately, not prepared for a sudden departure, having spread all our sails over the boat, in the form of a tent. What should we do? One part of us made all possible haste to set the vessel afloat, while the rest defended themselves with the two hatchets and the sword, as well as they could. But what did our resistance avail? The hindmost were pierced by the

the zagaves (a kind of lances with hooks) of the blacks.

"The ship's-baker, a stout gigantic fellow, handled the sword with great dexterity, and made a dreadful havoc among the blacks. I ordered the cable to be cut, and we now rowed away as fast as our consternation would permit. The savages pursued us into the water, but soon lost ground, and were obliged to abandon their prey. We did all that lay in our power, to pick up our unfortunate companions, who were swimming in the river. Those that were not mortally wounded, came safely on board, a land-breeze came to our assistance, and wafted our vessel over the sand-banks, through the rocks and the foaming surge.

"Our enemies had expected that our vessel would be dashed to pieces against the rocks, and had run to the outermost point of the cape; however, they were disappointed in their expectation.

expectation. We waved our hats, set up a loud shout, and sailed away with a brisk breeze.

"I examined the wound of the brave baker, as soon as we were out of danger, and perceived that it had been inflicted with a poisoned lance. It was above the navel, and the surrounding parts had already turned black. I began to cut out large pieces of flesh, to prevent the poison from spreading farther, but the pains which the poor fellow suffered, were to no purpose; he dropt down dead at my feet, and we committed his body to the waves.

"I counted my companions, and found that sixteen were missing, eleven having been killed on shore. The fate of our four companions, whom I had left in the hamlet, was unknown to us; however, we had the greatest reason to apprehend that they had become the first victims of our ferocious enemies.

"We

" We sailed along the coast. Our whole stock of provisions consisted only in eight fowls and a little rice, upon which fifty people were to feed.

We were soon compelled by hunger to go on shore a second time. A troop of people took to flight when we landed. We had no hopes of obtaining provisions from them, considering the unfavorable reception which their countrymen had given us. However, we found sweet water, and the rocks with which the shore was lined, afforded us oysters and muscles, which we ate with great relish, and seasoned with black pepper, of which I had bought a whole hat full in the hamlet.

" After we had appeased the cravings of hunger, we filled our pockets with oysters and muscles, replenished our two casks with water, and went again on board.

" I proposed to my companions to steer farther into the middle of the

sea, in order to be able to make more way in a shorter time. They followed my advice ; but what was the consequence ? A dreadful tempest overtook us at night and tossed us about in a most unmerciful manner. We apprehended every moment to be buried by the mountainous waves, but nevertheless rejoiced at having altered our course. Had we continued to sail along the coast, the tempest would, undoubtedly, have dashed us against a rock, or we should have been compelled to land in the nearest bay, the inhabitants of which, as we afterwards learned, were sworn enemies to the Dutch, and persecuted them with fire and sword.

“ The tempest abated at day-break, and we perceived three islands which lay close before us. We resolved to go on shore, because we expected to find some nourishment, though they seemed to be uninhabited. We
shaped

shaped our course to that which was nearest, and found that it was entirely overgrown with bamboo as thick as a man's leg. Necessity teaches us to turn almost any thing to advantage. We excavated a great number of the thickest bambooes from top to bottom, filled them with water and closed them carefully. Thus we had multiplied our two water casks. We also found palm-trees on the island, the fruit of which served to appease our hunger. But this was the only sort of provision which we could find. We roved the whole island in every direction, however, could find nothing but palm-trees and bambooes.

“ The next morning, at sun-rise, I climbed up to the top of a high mountain which lay before us, having a secret presentiment that I should make an important discovery. I stood there and gazed a good while to no purpose;

pose ; my looks wandered over the immense creation of God. Having gazed till my eyes ached, I thought I perceived two high blue mountains at a very great distance. I recollected that Hans van Shouten, my former master, God bless him, who had been twice in the East-Indies, had told me frequently that two high mountains were on the island of Java, which seemed to be blue at a certain distance. I concluded further : we came to this island when we had the coast of Sumatra to our left, these mountains are to the right, my eyes rove through the space which is between them, without descrying land ; there is a strait between Sumatra and Java—hurray ! we are on the right tract !

“ I skipt down the mountain as swift as a doe to call Van Hoorn, and to communicate my discovery to him ; however, the clouds had concealed
the

the blue mountains before we could reach the spot from whence I had seen them. Yet I was certain of their existence as I had clearly seen them. Van Hoorn agreed that my conjecture was not improbable, and we went down again to inform our companions of it.

“ The joy of our people cannot be described. They sung and danced as they carried dates and bambooes filled with water into the boat. The wind was favorable; we weighed anchor and directed our course towards the blue mountains.

“ We saw a fire at midnight, and thought a long time that it proceeded from a ship; however, it was on an island which lays in the entrance of the strait. We had scarcely passed it, when we perceived again fire on the opposite side, and found that it was burning in a fishing boat. We were becalmed towards day-

break ; however—thank God!—were already near the coast of Java without knowing it.

“ A sailor who had climbed up the mast, exclaimed suddenly that he saw a fleet, and counted three and twenty ships. Our joy was greater than words can express ; we danced, sung, and embraced each other with tears. We steered towards the fleet as soon as a slight breeze got up. Heavenly Providence ! (Ortenberg pulled his hat off, and a tear glistened in his eyes) it was a Dutch fleet, and we threw ourselves into the arms of our countrymen and friends.

“ The Admiral, Van Ternaer, was just standing in the gallery with a spying-glass, and being struck by the singularity of our sails and appearance, sent his boat to meet us. Good God ! the people who were in it were acquaintances of our's ; we had sailed together

gether from the Texel, and afterwards were separated.

“ They took me and Van Hoorn into the boat and brought us on board of the Admiral’s ship. All the sailors gazed at us with astonishment, and Van Ternaer received us like brothers. It should seem that he perceived by our looks that we were hungry ; for he ordered the cloth to be laid instantly and sat down with us to dinner. Good God ! how was I affected when I saw bread again ! my heart was straitened, the tears started from my eyes, and I was not able to swallow a morsel for some time. The rest of our people joined us soon after, and were divided amongst the ships.

CHAPTER II.

Religion is an empty name
 When virtue is not in her train.
 The man whose deeds bespeak his love
 For what is noble, just and good,
 Is truly pious, whether Zeus
 Or Allah, whether Tien or God
 Be called by him the source of bliss.

“ALL this was very well,” continued the honest tar : but what was I now to do to get a livelihood ? My romantic ideas had been corrected pretty well, my desire for adventures had abated, and, now I began to ask myself where I should get bread ?

“We arrived at Batavia ; the people crowded around myself and my companions, stared at us, listened to us with open mouths, and shuddered at our tale ; however, that was all. Not one of them thought of covering our naked-

nakedness and appeasing our hunger ; and I confess I rather would have starved than solicited alms.

“ I had, fortunately, applied closely to drawing in my youth, and now could easily delineate something upon a piece of parchment which looked like a human figure. I drew a great number of such figures as my imagination suggested. Some with hats and some with turbans, and sold them for Roman and Turkish emperors. I roved in this miserable manner from one town to the other, visited Balam-buan, Panarucan, Tuban, and came, at last, to Bantam in the bay of Jacatra.

“ You must know that Bantam is a considerable place where an extensive trade is carried on. You can see there at nine o'clock in the morning, people of almost all nations assembled in the market place ; Portuguese, Arabs, Turks, Malayaes, Abyssinians,

Chinese, Peguans, Bengales, Guzurates, and Malabares. One might think it Heaven where people of all nations are to meet. You will hear there no useless disputes about belief or unbelief, for every one serves his God in his own way, and makes no words, as it ought to be.

While I was standing there and gaping at the motley assemblage, and watching for an opportunity of earning a morsel of bread, I heard suddenly some person who stood behind me, talk German. I thought it music from another world. My head turned mechanically towards the spot whence the grateful sounds proceeded, and I perceived a man of a middle age, with an open countenance, which inspired confidence, discoursing with another man, who, as I afterwards learned, was a Hambro' Captain.

When they had finished their conversation, and the Hamburger had left him

him, I took courage, went up to the man with the good-natured countenance, and said: "Sir, I am a poor German, a countryman of yours. Your countenance tells me that you are an honest man; I conjure you to do a charitable deed, and to assist a shipwrecked wretch who has lost all his property. I wish to get my bread by the labour of my hands, but have no opportunity of getting an honourable livelihood; for no one has confidence in a naked fellow, but I neither should like to beg, nor could do it."

"The man surveyed me from tip to toe.

"Welcome! countryman!" said he at last: "I rejoice to do a work of charity. I do not want your services, but will assist you as well as I can."

"He then took me to his house, gave me to eat and to drink, and abstained from all troublesome ques-

tions, till I had appeased my hunger. But when I had finished my meal, he began to examine me, and to enquire from what place I came. I gave him a faithful account of my adventures, and informed him without reserve of the follies I had committed. I thought, it better to confess my errors than to conceal them; for, we all are poor sinners, and lock up or dissipate the talent which the great treasurer in Heaven has lent us, to pay for our entrance into the next world. My frankness gained the heart of the worthy German.

“ Mr. Ortenberg,” said he to me :
 “ you are an honest man. The grief which you have caused to your aged father, was early punished by Providence with troubles and affliction. You now have had an opportunity of coming to a proper sense; I dare say you have discarded your romantic notions, and beg you will ponder the
 proposal

proposal which I am going to make to you. I am a native of Thuringia; my name is Christian Shwarz. I have lived twenty years on this island; God has prospered my diligence, and I am a rich man. My domestics love me and I enjoy the esteem of my fellow-citizens. However, what are love, regard, and wealth, if we cannot enjoy them at the spot where we were born, if the companions of our juvenile days with whom we grew up, do not see and share our prosperity? The voice of my native country calls loudly in my bosom; I have sold all my plantations, and am going to return in a few weeks on board of a Hambro' vessel to my dear Germany. If you will keep me company, I will defray the expences of your voyage, and restore you to the arms of your father, who will receive you joyfully."

" This

“ This was, indeed, a good and sensible proposal, and came from a worthy and honest man ; but was it possible I could have accepted it ? No, indeed, not ! No, said I, I cannot accept your generous offer ; God knows, I cannot. I must first endeavour to become a man of whom my father needs not to be ashamed. It would kill me, were I obliged to return to my parents as a beggar. Let the consequences be whatever they may ; I shall not return to my native country in *this* state.”

“ The kind remonstrances of honest Christian Shwarz were thrown away upon me. I could not bear to think that my townsmen should point at me in the streets, and whisper : “ There goes that fool who dreamed of finding golden mountains in the Indies, and now is glad to be permitted to put his feet again under his father’s table. What a scourge is that good-for-nothing

nothing fellow to his parents!" No, I rather would be the slave of a Malay, rather moisten the sugar plantations with my sweat, than become a laughing stock to my townsmen.

"When the honest Thuringian saw that he could not persuade me to return to my native country, he counted down—it sounds fabulous, but God knows he did—he counted down a thousand pennes in gold and silver fannons*. "Take this money," said he in a tone as if he had given me a glass of water; "and do not thank me. I am a rich man, and returning to my country with treasures which would enable me to buy a principality, if I were a lover of principalities. I intended to make, previous to my departure, a present of a gold calix, a rich covering for the altar, and the like to the Dutch chapel. Man be-

* About 625 pounds sterling.

lieves frequently that he can pay his debts to God by such nonsensical gifts ; however, I think it is much better to assist a worthy sufferer with the sum which was designed for that purpose. This is more acceptable to God than a gold calix. Take it, my friend, and go with your money to the coast of Coromandel, where you will find a thousand times more opportunities of making your fortune than here. I wish you a happy journey. Forget not to pay a visit to old Christian Shwarz, when you once come back again to Germany."

Oh, my friends, seventeen years are now elapsed since Christian Shwarz left the Indies. I still think I see him in the harbour of Bantam, where he went on board of the Hambro' vessel ; I still imagine that I feel the last honest shake of his hand, and to hear him call to me from deck :

" Farewell,

“Farewell, Ortenberg ! and when you return to Germany, forget not to spend a few days in the town of Wernigerode !”

“The Ship got under sail, and in a short time was borne from my view by a rising gale. I stood on the pier, and wept, till sun-set, and slept very little at night. But let us proceed !

“I now had a thousand pomes in my pocket. My benefactor had enjoined me not to stay at Java, and I had, besides, no inclination to remain there. I hired a place in a jonke which was to carry pine-apples to the continent (for you must know that Java produces the best ananas in the Indies). I passed Sumatra and came into the bay of Siam, whence I proceeded, after a short stay, to Ceylon, I went from the latter island to the coast of Coromandel, visited Negapatnam. Karikal, Pondicherry, Madras, Masulipatnam,

Mafulipatnam, and thus approached gradually the gulf of Bengal.

“ I was still irresolute how I should lay out my thousand pones, whether I should traffic with pepper, gingams, or printed callico.

“ One day I happened to take a solitary walk into the woods near Bengal, musing on my honest father, my old mother, and my native place. A sweet melancholy stole by degrees upon my mind. The delightful notes of the Chaffinch of Bengal, the plaintive song of the Bulbul, the wild accents of the Buzzard, the chirping of the little Quail of Gingi, and the harmonious song of the Tufted Lark of Malabar, produced strange and involuntary sensations in my heart. I wiped many a melancholy tear from my cheeks. My imagination roved over the immense ocean to my country and the place of my nativity, where I had inhaled my first breath, and re-
called

called to my mind those blissful days of childish innocence, when the pond on the margin of which I was wont to play, appeared to me larger than the sea which now lay before me; when Breslau seemed to me to be a world, and when I hung with gazing eyes on the lips of my father, while he related after supper, accounts of the fabulous Indies and their astonishing treasures.

“ Alas ! I would have given all the gold of the Nabobs in that moment, if I could have filled the tobacco-pipe for my father, sat down by his side on the straw-stool which used to stand in a corner behind the stove, and hear him describe only what now was before my eyes. I still fancy to hear my honest old father relate his artless tales, which he kindly adapted to my childish capacity, till the clock which stood in the right corner of the parlour struck ten, when he emptied his pipe,
pouring

pouring his last drop of beer on the embers, offered me his hand to kiss it, took the key of the street door from the table, and retired to his bed chamber."

Here honest Ortenberg was deeply affected—and attempted several times in vain to speak.

"I can dwell no longer on this subject" stammered he at length, while a big tear glistened in his eyes: "Friend Spiller you knew him!"

A solemn pause. All were powerfully affected. "Good old father!" exclaimed Ortenberg, raising his eyes and hands to Heaven: "you have forgiven me my follies; I am sure you have; and when we meet again, wherever it be, you will receive me with that cordial shake of the hand with which you bade me farewell; will call to me: "Welcome my son;" with the same kind and paternal voice with which you said: "God bless you."

you my son!" yes I am sure, you will!—and now—children, continued he, while he dried his eyes, don't mention a word more about my father, if you wish that I should relish my glass of wine."

Another pause. Ortenberg had collected himself, "I was taking a walk, as I told you, and unexpectedly found myself bewildered in the wood. I knew not which way I should turn. While I consulted with myself which direction I should take, I heard suddenly a murmuring of water, and perceived that I was near a rill: I was dry and proceeded towards it, when I was met by a girl of uncommon beauty, carrying a pitcher with water. Her taper form was wrapt in a piece of chintz, an apron made of the wool of the sheep of Tibet, floated from her waist, and twelve gold rings were fastened round her arms and above her ancles. The
palm

palm of her hand was tinged with the roseate juice of mindi leaves, and the lustre of her eyes was set off by a black semi-circle. Gold and silver chains adorned her beautiful neck; her diamond ear-rings added little to the lustre of her charms; her hair was anointed with cocoa oil, and wreathed round a gold pin.

“ She surveyed me with apparent satisfaction from head to toe, while she passed me, skipping lightly over the grass, and uncovered her swelling bosom. The girl, thought I, must surely be an harlot; but I was mistaken; for I knew not that an unmarried Indian who has had a good education, is obliged to uncover her bosom, when she meets a person that belongs to one of the higher casts, or an European.

“ This is a civility which the fair-ones of the east perform with as much

much unconcern as our ladies make a courtesey; and to be plain, I confess that this custom appears to me to be more consistent with propriety, than the courtesies of our ladies, which reduces a woman to a very aukward posture, that, indeed, does not strike us, because we are used to it.

“ The swelling bosom of the fair Indian, which was not squeezed up by a corset, made me forget to quench my thirst, and deaf to the harmonious strains of the tufted lark of Malabar. I stopt, and the Indian followed my example. We looked at each other and seemed to be mutually inclined to enter into conversation. My European notions of propriety and impropriety prevented me from accosting her; but the beautiful child of nature, who was a stranger to the burthensome prejudices of the western hemisphere, obeyed the dictates of her heart.

“ Stranger,

“Stranger, do you want to drink?” said she, with a bewitching sweetness.

“Yes, sweet girl, I want to drink!” replied I with a kind of voluptuous tremor.

“She came to me, offering her pitcher, and I drank. The capewine here is, indeed, not bad; however, I never relished a liquor so much, as the water which I received from the hands of smiling innocence.

“I thank you, my pretty girl!” stammered I “Who are you?”

“I am Welli” replied she: “the daughter of the pious Bramin Akkar, who lives not far from here in a Sholtre*. Come with me; I will dress a dish of cange† for you.”

“Could I have done better than to accept the offer of the hospitable

* Sholtre a building for the accommodation of weary travellers.

† Cange, boiled rice-water.

Welli? "I like you," said she to me on the road: "do you like me too?"

"I squeezed her hand—a language which is understood in all countries. I had a waistcoat with glass-buttons on; Welli wished to have one; I gave it her, and she pressed me in return, to accept of a diamond ear-ring.

"Why don't you take it?" said she.

"Because it is worth ten times more than my glass button!"

"It is false," replied Welli: "your button is larger; I shall have it set in gold, and wear it on my finger."

"I was obliged to put the ear-ring in my pocket; for, she threatened to beat me.

"We arrived at last at the sholtre, which was not far distant from a Pagoda, dedicated to the service of Wisnu. Her father, Akbar, a ve-

nerable old man, whose head was shaved, met us at the door. His dress consisted of a piece of callico which was wrapt round his waist; his shoulders were covered with ashes of cow-dung, and his forehead was marked with three strokes made with sandal wood and saffron.

“Stranger, be welcome !” said he : “walk in and sit down at the table of old Akbar, eat of his rice, and drink of his cange.”

“I accepted his invitation with pleasure, because I was as hungry as an Indian wild cat. The lovely Welli skipped busily to and fro, stroked my hair back every now and then, and played with my glass-buttons. Evening was setting in, it was too late for me to return to my lodgings; Akbar ordered a couch to be prepared for me, upon which I slept but very little, because the image of the amiable Welli was constantly about me, near me,

me, and within me; upon my soul, it was !

"The next morning I saw old Akbar go to the rill; he took some water in the hollow of his hand, and sprinkled it before and behind him, and against the rising sun. " Praised be Brama!" exclaimed he, three times, and then bathed himself. This ceremony, which is called *Sandiwane*, and is performed every morning, is, in my opinion, by far more rational than the fumigations of the Roman Catholics at the shrines of their saints.

"Welli now made her appearance; she was dressed with more care and splendor than the preceding day; the semicircle over her eyes was blacker, the palm of her hand tinged with a deeper hue, and I was vain enough to think, she had done it on my account.

"Beautiful Welli," said I to her: "I love you." "If you love me," replied she, "you may marry me."

"How can I, who am a stranger in this country, marry you."

"Do the strangers never marry in your country?"

"Your father will not intrust the happiness of his daughter to a stranger."

"But I love you."

"I do not profess your religion."

"Are you an honest man?"

"Yes, I am."

"I love you, if you are; and my father will not refuse us his consent."

"If you think so, I will go and speak to old Akbar."

"Do so," replied the amiable Welli; "I will go, in the mean time, and wreath flowers round the *Lingam**."

"When

* The translator is sorry that the laws of decency forbid him to explain this ceremony, although the custom be a very sacred one among the ladies of the East, who perform it with

“When a lover, in the Indies wants to apply for the hand of his mistress, he takes thirty pones in his hand, goes to her father, and says: The gold is yours, and the girl is mine! The business is settled at once, if the father replies: The gold is mine, and the girl is yours! I had heard of that custom at Masulipatnam; and therefore counted thirty pones in my hand, went to the Bramin, and said:

“Venerable old man, the gold is yours, and the girl is mine!”

“The old man was startled, looked doubtfully at me, and pulled my hand gently back.

with sincere devotion, and without conceiving an impure idea. If, however, some of the fair readers of this tale should not care to gratify their curiosity at the expense of a few blushes, they will find it explained in the *Universal History*, Vol. vi. p. 634—636. And in Mr. Mac Intosh's *Voyage*.

"Softly, stranger," said he : "does my Welli love you?"

"She does."

"Will you love me also?"

"I shall."

"Will you live with me? nurse me in my old age? and serve my God?"

I started. "Serve your God!" stammered I. Akbar smiled. "Young man," said he, with dignity; "there is but one God. Let us forget the distinctions which the Vedam and the Bible make. He, who created millions of worlds, preserves them, and once will regenerate them, is the object of my adoration. Fear and praise the Creator, abstain from doing wrong, do as much good as you can, search after wisdom, condemn no person, honour the old, warn the young, raise the falling, give to the poor, reflect upon what you was, and consider what you will be. Oh, my son, you will die quietly if you have acted up to these

these principles. No stings of conscience will torment you in your last hour, and you will be well received by your judge. This is my creed; is it yours also?"

"The solemn tone in which the venerable old man spoke, affected my heart. I clasped him in my arms, notwithstanding the cow-dung on his shoulders. "Be my guide on the path of wisdom," said I with emotion: "be my father in a twofold manner!"

"If I am to be your father," replied Akbar, "you must comply with the manners and customs of our country. There is but *one* religion in the world; the mortals of the whole globe bend their knees only before *one* God. However, the ignorance of men has infinitely multiplied the manner of worshipping the Supreme Being, though it should be as simple as possible. Despise none of these different modes of worship, on account of the

weak; call none of your brethren an heretic; ridicule none. If you wish to obtain the hand of my good Welli, you must dress yourself like a Tamulian; I shall instruct you two months in the language and customs of my nation. At the expiration of that period, you may come and say in the presence of my relations, *the gold is yours, and the girl is mine*; and I shall reply, *the gold is mine, and the girl is yours.*"

"I agreed willingly to every condition that could insure me the possession of the charming Welli. The two months appeared indeed as long to me, as if they had been years; however, a kind look of my bride made me a docile pupil. Akbar frequently surveyed me with scrutinizing looks; however, my frank and open disposition gained me his confidence.

I learned, in a short time, to wash the Lingam, and to perform the Sandiwane,

diwane, with as much dexterity as if I had been brought up to it. The probationary time was elapsed, and—Welli became my wife..

“ Akbar took me aside the next day, and said, “ Young man, I have intrusted you with the greatest treasure which I possess; it is therefore just I should put you also in possession of that which is of less value to me. Come, and follow me !”

“ We proceeded silently towards the neighbouring forest; the old man led the way, and I followed him full of expectation. He conducted me by unbeaten paths through wild and intricate bushes, and stopt at length at the mouth of a cavern, which was covered with low shrubs..

“ We stept into the cavern, I perceived the glimmering of a small lamp at the bottom; my conductor bade me to stop, fetching the lamp, and
D 5 lighting,

lighting several more which hung in different parts of the cavern.

“Heavens! what a spectacle for a greedy European. Large heaps of gold and silver, diamonds and pearls lay before me. I was almost petrified. I had imagined myself to be rich, because I had a thousand pones in my pocket, and there lay a thousand times thousand pieces of gold, which bore the coinage of all trading nations.

“You are astonished,” said Akbar: “this treasure is, indeed, not the fruit of my diligence, however, it also is not the fruit of a crime. We Bramins are obliged to live entirely upon alms, with which the superstition of the people provides us, sometimes sparingly, and sometimes richly, according to the degree of their affection and regard. We are—strange to tell—prohibited to work, the people pay us for our idleness, and I have been told

told this is also the custom of your country.

“ I have been a servant in the Pagoda, from which we are coming during forty circumvolutions of the sun. I had a father—he went long since to the blissful habitations of Vishnu—who taught me early to walk the paths of wisdom and virtue. He instructed me to compute the course of the heavenly bodies, in the art of making almanacks, and in the knowledge of medical herbs and roots.

“ All this gained me a name in the adjacent country, the people flocked to my Pagoda, either to peep behind the curtain of Nature, or to be cured of diseases; or only to gaze at me. None came with empty hands; the rich brought me diamonds and gold, and from the poor I took only a nose-gay.

“ Here is all the wealth which I have treasured up these forty years for

my dear Welli, and now deliver to my dear son-in-law. You must, however, promise me neither to leave me, nor to touch this treasure till my eyes be closed. Swear by your and my God !”

“I complied with this request. Akbar clasped me to his heart, extinguished the lamps, and returned to the Pagoda. There I spent the happiest days of my life in the arms of my dear Welli, and by the side of that excellent old man, and learnt to estimate men by their intrinsic worth, and not by the forms of prayer which they frequently utter mechanically, without meaning any thing by it. We had no occasion for the treasure in the cavern; we wanted little, and had a treasure within ourselves more precious than all the wealth of the Indies. Yes, my friends, I have learnt that confidence in the goodness and wisdom of God, cheerful submission to his paternal

nal decrees, obedience to his holy laws, moderation of our passions, purity and good-will towards mankind, enable us to be satisfied with little to insure happiness in this world, and to meet futurity without trembling."

"I meditated frequently to send a part of our useless wealth to my old father, but did not know how to accomplish my design. I could have applied to a Dutch merchant of Masulipatnam, however Akbar opposed his whole paternal authority to the execution of this plan, because he knew better than myself how much this would have exposed me to the fanatic persecutions of the European missionaries, to whom I might have been betrayed.

"I am old, and on the brink of the grave," said he frequently to me: "I shall certainly soon *pass over* (thus the Indians express the idea of *dying*), and then you may embark with Welli,
for

for your native country, if she be inclined to it."

"I was obliged to submit, and submitted without reluctance, for Welli loved her father with an unspeakable ardour. The fatal hour in which the spirit of honest Akbar was to return to the benevolent Being who had created it, at last drew near. He died without a groan; a tranquil smile remained on his clay cold countenance.

"This was a melancholy day. Welli tore her hair, smote her breast, and rolled herself on the ground. All this is customary in the Indies; however, *her* agony was something more than the mere effect of custom. A crowd of women flocked to the Pagoda, as soon as Akbar's death was known, and sung mournful dirges. I cannot express how this affected me. The Bramins performed various rites, and at last laid the corpse upon a palankin, adorned with flowers, and preceded
by

by two men, with a kind of wind instruments, which caused a most dismal sound, and a great number of muffled drums. I supported my Welli; we followed the palankin with tearful eyes. When we came to the pile, which had been erected of Sandal wood, I was desired to set fire to it, because I was regarded as the head of the family; a melancholy duty, which I performed with a bleeding heart.

“Welli dropt fainting on the ground when the flame blazed aloft. I took her in my arms, and carried her home. We spent several gloomy months, shaved our heads, and covered our faces, according to the custom of the East.

“The healing balsam of time restored at last, part of our lost tranquility to us; however, neither I nor Welli wished to stay any longer at that melancholy spot. But—oh, my friends!—I now am coming to a period of my life which has destroyed my peace for ever.

Let

Let me weep, and if you can, weep with me; it will afford me some consolation. My Welli, my dear, good and gentle Welli, was stung by a rattle-snake, and died in my arms a few hours after.

“ God, thou hast made me empty the bitterest cup of affliction! all other sufferings which thou perhaps hast reserved for me, will certainly be trifling in comparison with that unspeakably painful blow! our most ardent wishes were accomplished—Welli was pregnant—but, alas! oh weep with me, my friends, and let me not weep alone!—she was so good, so gentle, and so loving—oh! oh! let me not weep alone!”

Ortenberg shed a torrent of bitter tears; all wept with him; these were obsequies more valuable than any of those can be that are performed in honour of the gods of earth. He collected himself again at last, after a long
and

and painful struggle : " My friends," resumed he, " you now know my story. I performed the last melancholy duty which I owed to my Welli, and could not have staid a day longer in a place where every object which I beheld recalled to my mind my former happiness, which, alas ! will never return again. I put my treasures on board the first vessel that sailed, and returned to my native country.

" I am now here to weep a filial tear on the ashes of my parents, to make my brother happy, and to visit my honest Christian Shwarz at Wernigerode. When I have executed this, I shall willingly lay down my head, and depart to my eternal home, where my Welli and honest Akbar are waiting for me."

CHAPTER III.

We toil through life and bear the toils
 Of this vain world with cheerful hearts,
 Upheld by hope, anticipate
 An age of bliss, when all at once
 The air-built castles are dissolved
 Like a deceitful morning dream
 That cheats the pris'ner in his dank
 And lonely cell. He dreams of feasts
 And scenes of heart-expanding bliss,
 And ah ! awakes in fetters chain'd.

WHEN Ortenberg had finished his affecting tale, the rays of the lights reflected thousand-fold from the tears which glistened in the eyes of his auditors. He lighted his pipe again, cast his eyes on the ground, and puffed the smok of his pipe as rapidly and violently from his mouth, as if he were determined not to let his grief gain time to break out in tears.

“ My friends ! ” exclaimed he at last ; “ to tear up a wound which
 scarcely

scarcely is healed, is painful in the extreme; however, your melancholy silence—your tearful eye—does my heart good! But, no more of it.—Well, young gentleman (turning to William), which way are you inclined? what profession do you wish to learn?"

William. I wish to become an honest man, like my father.

Ortenberg. Bravo, my son, if you have not learnt that phrase by heart. Who has taught you these words?

William. Ah! they were the last words of my dying mother.

Ortenberg. You are a good boy for remembering them; but no more of it, lest we should be melancholy again.—An honest man! this is the main point. However, there are honest men in all ranks; their number is, indeed, small, but, thank God, honesty is not yet entirely out of fashion. What profession should you prefer to learn?

William.

William. I should wish to learn every thing, to be fit for any occupation.

Ortenberg. Well said, my lad ! However, this is no easy task. But never mind ! strive to learn as much as you can, and you will learn at least something useful. But, let me tell you, my son, that nothing is more deceitful than the picture which our glowing juvenile fancy draws of futurity ; nothing is easier overturned, than the castles of our imagination, adorned with love, honour, and wealth ! Never say, I will steer no other course but this : A single step, a look, the most trifling action of your life can turn the course of your fate.

Having said this, he rose, emptied his pipe, and begged to be shewn to his bed-room. The wife of his venerable host had prepared her bridal bed for him. It was covered with a silk quilt, which was embroidered with

with a great variety of flowers, and provided with chintz curtains, to keep off the rays of the morning sun. Useless preparations! Ortenberg never slept in a bed. "I am always terrified," said he, "when I sink all at once into a sea of feathers, and the bed-billows join over me; my bosom is straitened, and I cannot sleep." His Negroes spread a couple of blankets upon the floor, laid a pillow upon them, and his couch was ready.

He awoke in the morning with the first dawn of day and got up. Impatience and joyful expectation would not let him sleep, and whenever he closed his eyes, he dreamed of Christian Shwarz, and his imagination anticipated the raptures of surprise which his sudden appearance would cause his benefactor, and the pleasure which the communication of his adventures would give him.

He

He ordered the carriage to be got ready, and took leave of his venerable host. "Farewel, my worthy friend," said he: "my heart urges me to be gone without further delay. I shall return to you as soon as I shall have done chatting with my dear Christian Shwarz. I then shall consider more maturely, what is to be done concerning this boy; for I cannot do it now, because my imagination is too much occupied by other objects, which absorb all my faculties of thinking!" He got into the carriage and arrived two days after at the town of Wernigerode in the Harz.

When we came to the turnpike, a drunken gate-keeper asked him who he was? and whence he came? Ortenberg informed him of both, under the condition that he also should satisfy his curiosity, and tell him whether Christian Shwarz lived in the town and was well?

"Christ—

"Christ—shan—Shwa—Shwarz?" stammered the gate-keeper: "he has given the slip to his physician and is well."

"I am glad of it," replied Ortenberg, and ordered the postillion to go on. When he turned round the corner of a street, he met a funeral procession. "My friend," said he to one of the gaping spectators: "can you tell me where Christian Schwarz resides?"

"There in that coffin!" replied the fellow coolly. "Merciful God!" exclaimed Ortenberg: "Good Christian Schwarz!—must I see you in your coffin!—shall I not be able to thank you before we meet in a better world?—"

A torrent of tears gushed down his sun-burnt cheeks; he jumped out of his carriage and mixed with the mourners. No black crape bespoke his grief; however, the copious streams

streams of tears which started from his eyes, the silent agony which his features expressed, displayed sufficiently the sorrows that convulsed his bleeding heart,—All gazed at the stranger.—“ You are astonished at the violence of my grief ? ” exclaimed Ortenberg in mournful accents : “ alas ! he gave me a thousand ponnes when I was naked and starving.”

The honest citizens of Wernigerode who knew not what a ponnes is, thought his intellects were deranged. One of the attending clergymen went up to him asking him ; whether he had known the deceased ?

“ Yes, I knew him ! ” groaned Ortenberg : “ I knew him, indeed ! he gave me a thousand ponnes when I had not a *kauri* in my pocket.”

The clergyman who contrary to the custom of his colleagues, knew something more than to dispense the
benediction

benediction and to rail against heretics and infidels, recollected to have read that the *kauris* are a kind of little shells which serve instead of small cash on the coast of Coromandel and Malabar. "I suppose" said he : "you knew our deceased friend in India ?"

Ortenberg. Yes, dear Sir, I saw him the first and last time at Bantam. There he gave me a thousand ponnes, when I earned my bread by painting Turkish and Roman emperors. He made me promise him to visit him on my return to Europe ; and now when I am come to keep my word, I find him in his coffin.

"He is happy !" said the clergyman : "he sees no more the tears of his wife, and hears no more the cries of his children for bread."

"How ! What !" exclaimed Ortenberg : "excuse my frankness ; this is false ; indeed it is. I am happy to hear that Christian Shwarz has left a

wife and children—but in distress !—no, that cannot be. He possessed a princely fortune, and always was an excellent economist.”

Clergyman. He was, indeed ; all his fellow-citizens can witness it. He returned to his country with an immense fortune ; however, repeated misfortunes can exhaust the greatest wealth. He built a magnificent house, and it was destroyed by fire ; he bought an estate, and it was totally ruined by hail, inundations, a constant failure of his crops, and epidemic diseases among the cattle ; he established a manufactory, and government threw numberless impediments in his way ; he engaged in trade, and his correspondents failed.

He had just as much left as would have enabled him to live comfortably with his family, when he trusted too much to a false friend, becoming security for him to a large amount,
and

and was cheated. He was forced to turn all his property into money, in order to escape a disgraceful confinement. This last severe blow cost him, probably, his life.

“ Oh God ! oh God ! ” exclaimed Ortenberg, wringing his hands : “ is this the reward of probity ! who could blame the honest who murmurs against providence ? Why must virtue be persecuted every where by knaves ? ”

Clergyman. To be tried. There is another better world, where virtue will be rewarded.

Ortenberg gazed at him and shook him cordially by the hand. “ If it were not for that hope, ” — said he.

Clergyman. What then would be the life of a man ? — The deceased is happy for having taken this hope with him to the grave. He died with this consoling persuasion, and only the distress of his wife and children embittered his last moments.

Ortenberg. He might have been easy about that point ! *Ortenberg* is yet living, and no knave like the rest.

They had arrived at the churchyard during this conversation. *Ortenberg* requested the favour of having the coffin opened once more, as he ardently wished to kiss the cold hand of his benefactor; however, the custom of the town did not permit it. The common people imagined this would disturb the rest of the dead, and would have stoned the person that should have attempted it. The coffin was therefore committed to the ground, and *Ortenberg* moistened the earth which was thrown upon it, with his tears.

After the officiating clergyman had pronounced the benediction, *Ortenberg* distributed all the money he had with him among the poor.

“ I don’t

"I don't give it you" said he: "to pray for the peace of the deceased; he does not want your prayers! but weep with me! I prefer your tears to your thanks."

It was an affecting spectacle. Ortenberg had seated himself upon the fresh grave, and taken up a handfull of earth, contemplating it with silent grief. The honest Wernigeroders stood around him, gazing at him, and knowing not what to think of him.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed he at last: "his children are yet alive, let us be gone to the widow of honest Christian Shwarz."

He rose, took the clergyman by the hand, and requested him to go with him to the widow of the deceased. They found the poor woman swimming in tears, and surrounded by three boys half-naked, the eldest of whom was about seven years old.

"Excuse me, madam!" said Ortenberg when he stepped into the apartment: "I do not intend to console you, no, I wish to mingle my tears with yours."

He was as good as his word; for he had scarcely said this when a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes, which he suffered to flow freely. The picture of the deceased, painted by *Graf*, an excellent likeness, hung opposite him; his eyes caught it: "Yes, this is he!" exclaimed he sobbing: "thus he looked when he embarked for Germany, and took leave of me! Alas! he has gone on a greater journey without taking leave of me."

The clergyman told the astonished widow the gentleman was an old friend of her husband, and had known him in India.

"Friend!" exclaimed Ortenberg: "he was more than a friend to me! he was a benefactor, a father! I

am

am his debtor ! I owe him more than I shall be able to repay in this world. Permit, me, Madam—boys (calling for his blacks) ! bring my trunks hither !” The blacks obeyed. He unlocked it, and taking a leather purse out, counted 1000 ducats upon the table.

“ Here, Madam, take it. These are the thousand pones which your husband advanced me when I arrived half naked and half famished at Bantam. God will pay him the interest ! Sir, (turning to the clergyman), I can spare no more at present ; however, I take you to witness that I engage to send to this good lady, the widow of my benefactor, within four weeks, *ten* times as much. I am not used to give bonds ; my word is my bond, and you can rely upon it. I should, besides, wish to erect a monument upon the grave of my honest Christian Shwarz, and shall send you

500 ducats for that purpose. Let it be done after your own ideas ; but let the inscription be as simple as possible. My name must not be mentioned ; for I want to erect a monument for *him*, and not for myself."

The good people thought all was a dream ; the widow was going to throw herself with her children at Ortenberg's feet ; however, he was almost provoked at it. " I only have done my duty, and nothing else," said he : " I should not deserve to live if I could suffer the widow and children of my benefactor to languish in distress. No, no, while I have a morsel to eat, one half of it shall be yours."

The first violent sensation of grief yielded gradually to the milder feelings of melancholy emotion. They began to converse more connectedly, discussed the future domestic regulations of the widow, and consulted about the education of her children.

" Would

"Would you give one of these boys into my charge?" said Ortenberg: "I will treat him as if he were my own son."

Mother. With pleasure! Could I commit him to better hands?

Ortenberg. Well! would you let me have the youngest?

Mother (anxiously). The youngest? Dear Sir, not the youngest.

Ortenberg. Then let me have the eldest.

Mother (with increasing anxiety). To confess the truth—I should not wish—the eldest is so much like his father.——

Ortenberg. It makes no difference to me if you let me have the second.

Mother (after a pause, during which she surveyed her three sons alternately, with maternal tenderness). Excuse me, Mr. Ortenberg—Indeed, I can part with neither of them!—

Ortenberg (affected). Excellent woman! keep your sons; I will be a father to them nevertheless.

He kept his word faithfully. The three sons of Christian Shwarz are still living; have inherited the virtues of their father, do honour to the care of their foster-father, and are useful citizens of the state.

When *Ortenberg* thus had satisfied the impulse of his heart, and fulfilled the duties of gratitude, he took leave of his friend's widow and children, clasped the mother to his heart, and her little ones saw him depart with tears in their eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

See, to sweeten thy repose,
 The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
 All that milk and fruits afford.
 Seek no more—the rest is vain;
 Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
 Close thy wish, and seek no more.

SHENSTONE.

WHAT I have to tell you, kind reader, in this chapter, is but very little, for our honest Nicolaus Ortenberg does not wish that his good actions should be talked of too loudly. He returned to his nephew, settled a large sum upon the sons of the good clergyman, to enable them to prosecute their academic career with ease; he caused a neat house to be built for old Conrad, which was provided with all comforts of life, and added a small

capital, to enable the honest fellow to close his life in tranquillity and ease.

Barbara, who still thought she felt the spittle of the blacks on her wrinkled cheeks, was not satisfied with the bounty of the generous Ortenberg, and censured every thing he did for her and her husband's comfort, Ortenberg proposed therefore to old Conrad, to send her to the house of correction, and thus to put it out of her power to poison his domestic peace. However—oh, power of custom!—the scolding Barbara had become necessary to old Conrad; he cared very little for her scolding, nay, even thought he wanted something when he heard not every day her shrill voice resounding in the house and kitchen. “Then keep her, in the name of God!” said Ortenberg: the will of man is his heaven.” They lived together till Barbara at last was involved in such a violent quarrel with
with

with death, as to be choaked with passion.

Ortenberg advertised in all the continental newspapers: That if Charles Ortenberg, formerly head-master of the grammar school of W^m, should be still alive, he was requested to inform his brother Nicolaus and his son of his abode."

However, this attempt was fruitless, and Nicolaus used himself gradually to the idea that he should not see his brother again on this side the grave.

Nicolaus now formed a plan for his future life. He disliked the monarchic countries, because even the best monarchies are not entirely untainted with despotism. He resolved therefore to spend the rest of his life in Switzerland.

Having settled every thing that concerned the future happiness of his nephew, he retired to the Canton of Zurich,

Zurich, bought a large estate, sowed, planted, occupied himself with the breeding of cattle, and perceived that satisfaction with which *Candide* exclaimed, after having escaped the storms of life : *Cultivons notre champ!*

A well-chosen library shortened the long evenings, and a familiar intercourse with a few good and social neighbours sweetened his solitude.

William grew up in the mean time, had made a good use of the excellent instructions of the worthy clergyman, and now had sufficiently improved to frequent an university with advantage. Attended by the blessings of his uncle, the tears of old Conrad, and the prayers of the venerable clergyman, he set out for Gottingen, in his eighteenth year, accompanied by the sons of his instructor.

He commenced his new career with ardour, and prosecuted it with unexampled

amplified diligence. His head and heart did honour to his friends, and his sober and steady conduct gained him general regard.

CHAPTER V.

Innocence is a defence
 For nothing else but patience ;
 'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate
 Nor fence against the tricks of state ;
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws
 Protect the plain'st and justest course ;
 Nor keep unspotted a good name
 Against the obloquies of Fame ;
 Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
 By being blown upon, undone,
 As beasts are hunted for their furs,
 Men for their virtues are the worse.

BUTLER.

WILLIAM was one day visited
 by two of his fellow-students, who, al-
 though scarcely eighteen years old,
 yet knew already that they were
Counts of the holy Roman Empire, and
 almost knew nothing else but that.
 But as the German universities are
 abodes of liberty and equality, where
 the son of a peasant enjoys the same
 privileges which are granted to the son
 of

of a prince; where disinterestedness cements the bonds of friendship, and family pride is treated with ridicule; these two gentlemen had been obliged to renounce all claims to the difference which generally is attached to nobility of birth, and to learn in the conversation of plebeians, that distinction is not every where attached to the superiority of rank which is founded merely upon the strength of a piece of parchment. They betrayed their consciousness of their noble descent only at times, and the words: *His Excellency, my father, Her Ladyship, my mother, our subjects, &c. &c.* were expressions with which they frequently interlarded their discourses.

But enough of a couple of despicable beings whom accident has thrown in our way, and in whose company I always stay with reluctance, whether I meet them in the street or at the writing desk.

The

The conversation with which they condescended to entertain William, treated on pretty girls, horses, hounds, and cits whom they had taken in, Poor William felt the time very long while they were with him, gaped and frequently stept to the window to respire.

Their inane discourse was suddenly interrupted by an apparition. I may justly call it an apparition; for the man who stept into the apartment, having knocked repeatedly at the door, looked more like a spectre than a human being. Imagine to yourself an ash-grey countenance, hollow eyes shaded by thick grey eye-lashes, pale and parched lips, a grey beard and hair of the same color, holding in his skinny hands a stick which supported his bending frame, dressed in a black thread-bare coat which could not cover his nakedness entirely. He staggered slowly and with tottering

tottering knees into the apartment ; the burden of heavy sorrows seemed to depress his frame more than the load of years. His hollow eyes displayed however, still a faint spark of youthful vigor, and his eyes bespoke a kind of noble pride.

“ Gentlemen,” said he, excuse my intruding upon you. I am a very poor man who wishes to die in his native country, and cannot scrape together as many pence as I have miles to walk.”

“ What news from the moon, old gentleman ?” began one of the counts : “ you, probably, are just come thence, for I never saw on our globe such a libel upon creation.”

“ I was mistaken !” replied the old man, groaning and casting a look to Heaven which bespoke unspeakable bitterness : “ forgive me for having interrupted your youthful mirth !”

Having

Having uttered these words, he turned towards the door, and was going to quit the apartment; but William called after him in a compassionate tone of voice :

“ Venerable old man, stop a little, you shall not leave me without receiving some assistance.”

“ You are right, William !” said the count : “ it would be pity were we to suffer old Saturn to pass beyond our horizon.”

William. Count, be ashamed ! it is cruel to ridicule a poor old man, and I shall not suffer it in my apartment.

The old man had, in the mean time, turned round again and cast a grateful look at the generous youth. The count returned no answer, and William took a crown out of his purse.

The old man accidentally cast his eyes on a table which stood only a few

few steps distant from him. It just happened to be post-day. William had received a letter from his uncle and left the cover which was directed to him upon the table. The old man read:

A Monsieur

Monsieur Guillaume Ortenberg.

He read it and fainted away.

"There you have it?" exclaimed the count: "this is the consequence of meddling with beggars."

William deigned not to return an answer. He flew to the assistance of the old man, sprinkled cold water in his face, chafed his temples with Hungary water, and at last saw his humane endeavors crowned with success. The old man opened his eyes again.

"Good young Gentleman," said he, after having looked round a moment, and recollecting the situation in which he had been: "God bless
you

you for your humanity—God reward you for it—” He seemed to wish to say more ; however a look which he cast at the count who just had another witticism between his teeth, rendered him mute. William pressed the crown in his hand, saw him to the door, and patiently bore the railleries of the counts who ridiculed him for the tear of sensibility that started from his eyes, and which he neither would nor could check.

William looked after the old man through the window, and saw that he slowly staggered towards the town-gate, looking frequently back, stopping sometimes irresolute, and seemed to talk to himself. He disappeared at last from his sight, and he was soon after delivered from his troublesome visitors.

William was just going to raise his sunken spirits by a walk in the fields, when a little ragged boy rushed into his apartment,

apartment, panting for breath, and gave him a note. William opened it and read :

“ If you wish to close the eyes of your dying father, come immediately to your

CHARLES ORTENBERG.”

It would be fruitless were I to attempt to delineate to my readers William's picture in that moment, and my imagination labours in vain to represent his picture to you as it stands before my mental eyes. Your imagination must come to my assistance, and picture to you the rapid changes of his countenance from glowing crimson to death-like paleness, the wild disorder of his looks, and the trembling of his hands and feet. Methinks I hear his heart palpitate, agitated by fear, joy, and uncertainty ; methinks I see him fly down stairs without a hat, and shoot down the street like an arrow, without

out even knowing *where* to find his father?

"Where? where?" stammered he at last to the boy, who followed him.

"In the suburbs, at the golden Swain," replied the boy, and William shot along as quick as lightning, rushing into the inn, overturning the landlord, and stammering his: "*where? where?*" with increasing agony.

When the people of the inn saw a man standing before them without a hat, trembling like an aspen leaf, and with wild and disordered looks, they thought he was mad. William could not speak; "*where? where?*" was all that he was able to utter, and the innkeeper replied at every inquiry: "*who?—what?*"

The boy had, fortunately, followed him as fast as possible, and entered the house at the very moment
when

when William, overpowered by the highest stretch of all his feelings, was ready to swoon. The sight of the boy gave him new strength. "*Where? where?*" ejaculated he with a faint voice when he saw him.

"Follow me!" replied the boy, running up before him three pair of stairs, and opening the door of a sorry garret.

There William beheld upon a truss of straw, the same old man who had quitted his apartment a few hours before, and received a crown of him. His eyes were dim, and his dissolution was near. His right hand grasped the crown, the charity which his son had given him. A pitcher of water stood by his side, and a prayer-book lay at his feet.

William flung himself down by his wretched couch, grasped the neck of the dying man with his arms, as if he were determined to wrest him out

of the hands of death ; he still could not find words nor tears to ease the agony of his heart, shook the fainting old man, wanted to go for assistance, and yet could not resolve to quit his hapless parent. He took his purse out of his pocket, without knowing clearly what he was doing, flung it down at the feet of his conductor, expecting that he would comprehend his meaning instantly. However, the boy picked it up, casting a stupid, sheepish look at him, and then at the purse, and knew not what to do with it.

“ Physician ! surgeon ! ” thundered William.

The boy was terrified, and flew down stairs.

And, behold ! God said unto the Angel of death : “ Withdraw thy hand ! take the bitter cup from his lips, and mix it with tears of filial love, that the black pinions of despair cover not his
breaking

breaking eyes, and he fell smiling asleep in thy arms." —Ortenberg opened his eyes. "Is it you, my son? A ray of joy after twelve years suffering!" William now recovered the power of utterance, a gentle stream of tears removed the agony of his heart. He knelt at the old man's couch with affecting devotion in his looks, thanked God for the bitter sweetness of that hour, and prayed for his father's life.

"Not so, my son!" said the dying sufferer in broken accents: "my hour is at hand; I am happy to have found a son who will close my eyes, and commit my bones to the grave. Say, William, is there any other tie, besides the bonds of paternal love, that unites me with the world? is your mother still alive?" —

William (hesitating and anxiously).
It is now twelve years——

Ortenberg. Enough ! I guess the rest——spare me !—(He shed a torrent of bitter tears.)

William. However, my uncle Nicolaus is returned from India with immense treasures, and has made all possible inquiries after you ; I owe him my education, and every comfort I enjoy.

Ortenberg. God bless him ! I want nothing but a few handful of earth. I am sensible I shall soon have conquered. Assure him of my fraternal love, and tell him that our mother gave him her blessing on her death-bed.

He stopped and coughed ; his cheeks were tinged with an unnatural redness ; his tongue cleaved to his parched palate.

“ Refresh your old father with a drop of wine,” said he ; “ that I may inform you before I die, of the sufferings

sufferings which I have endured these twelve years."

William flew down stairs, demanding a bottle of the best old Hock, and knelt in a moment again by the side of his sick parent. Ortenberg drank half a glass. "How refreshing," exclaimed he, "is a glass of wine for a man who was compelled twelve years to allay his thirst with putrified water!"

The corpulent innkeeper, whom William's purse had rendered uncommonly civil and officious, waddled up and down stairs, brought balsam of life, Hoffman's drops, and feather-beds, cramming the latter under the patient's head, covering his feet, &c. and went himself to town, to call in a physician.

As soon as father and son were again by themselves, Ortenberg collected his last strength, and solved the mystery of his sudden disappearance

and his long absence to the agonised William.

The reader will recollect that Ortenberg, in the first confusion which the mysterious note of old Conrad produced, took the fatal resolution of going to Berlin and demanding protection and justice of a monarch who has proved repeatedly, that he dispensed justice as well to the peasant as to the first peer of his realm. However, the governor of W** no sooner was informed of Ortenberg's departure, than he guessed the real cause of it, and perceived that his happiness and honour were at stake.

He dispatched immediately the obsequious and venal accomplices of his numerous rogueries, to pursue Ortenberg in different directions, causing the hapless fugitive to be carried to one of his estates, the steward of which, if possible, was as great a knave as his master, and frequently had

had enjoyed the satanic satisfaction of having tormented to death an innocent victim that had been intrusted to his care, without ever taking the trouble to inquire after the motives of his commission.

Poor Ortenberg languished in that place twelve years in a damp cellar. Bread and putrid water were his daily nourishment, the damp ground was his couch and the dank vault his cover.

Beelzebub recalled at last the devil that inhabited the body of the fiend-like steward, to advance him according to his merits. His successor possessed some humanity, had compassion on his declining prisoner, gave him an opportunity to escape, and Ortenberg fled. The unhappy man roved from village to village, fearful of being pursued, sick and faint like an autumnal fly, and bordering on a state of phrenzy, begging his bread

F 4

from

from door to door, and supported by nothing else but the hope of being enabled by Providence to reach W** before his death, and to conclude in the first embrace of his wife and son, an existence which had become burdensome to him. He was obliged to pass through Gottingen on his way to the dear objects of his love, and there finished his sufferings.

But what enabled him to disguise his paternal feelings and to quit his son's apartment without making himself known? what else but his pride, that baneful passion that tyrannised him from his cradle to the grave. He perceived that the young men who were with his son, were counts; he believed he should disgrace his son, or even, perhaps, hurt him, if he were to make himself known, after having applied for alms. In short, he was silent and went away, but scarcely had arrived at his garret, when he was overpowered

powered by the heavy load of his feelings.

Reader, I perceive an angry look in your eye, composed of compassion and indignation ; ask yourself sincerely whether you never was guilty of a fault. I wanted to pourtray an honest man, who always acted as a human being ; for my imagination is not fit for delineating the picture of an angel.

The most violent passions convulsed the heart of the young man while his father related the melancholy tale of his sufferings. He now was tormented with dreadful apprehension, and his staring eyes hung on the lips of the old man ; tears of grief now rolled down his cheeks, and fury now tinged them with a crimson hue, and a wild fire flashed from his eyes.

“ Vengeance ! vengeance ! ” exclaimed he, when his father had finished his melancholy narrative :

"I vow to you, my dear injured father! by God and our blessed Redeemer, that I will take a bloody revenge on the villain!"

"Not so, my son," said the old man: "you must promise me to forgive him as I do on the brink of eternity. He must, besides, now be already far advanced in years, and soon ripe for judgment. Promise it me! This is the only condition on which I can give you my paternal blessing; and only this will enable me to die in peace."

William was obliged to obey, and to vow to his dying parent, that he would forgive the governor and never take revenge. Having done this, the old man blessed him, raised his heart to the throne of God, prayed, and took a solemn leave of his son. William shed torrents of tears. Ortenberg had exhausted his last strength, and relapsed exhausted upon his pillow. He soon began to rattle in his throat—

throat—the angel of death held the cup to his lips—Nature struggled against the powerful arm of the last foe—spasms announced its approaching dissolution—the eyes grew dark—the cheeks turned pale—the lips grew blue—the body stiff—only one gasp more—a long pause—and now he breathed the last time.

William's agony is no subject fit for description. The physician came too late to save the father's life a few hours longer, but time enough to order the moaning young man to be removed from the dear corpse. William was carried home sick and delirious. Only the strength of youth saved him from the gates of death, and the picture of his murdered father was for years constantly present to his mind, and cast a melancholy gloom over his person.

CHAPTER VI.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
 And other ammunitions of despair,
 Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

BUTLER.

THE heart of old Nicolaus was severely wounded by the unexpected intelligence of his brother's re-appearance and death. He had already reconciled himself to the idea that his brother Charles was no longer an inhabitant of this globe. He was firmly convinced that he was a blessed citizen of a better world, dwelled reluctantly with his imagination on the sufferings which he must have endured while he was separated from his beloved Caroline and his dear boy: "At least," added he always when this idea forced itself upon his mind, "he

“ he is happy, and enjoys the reward of his terrestrial sufferings !” And, alas ! this pleasing persuasion now was so suddenly and dreadfully interrupted !

But let us drop the curtain, and say no more of the noble, proud, and unfortunate Ortenberg. He now is an inhabitant of better regions, and wants our compassion no more. If sympathetic pity interested you for his fate, bestow it now upon his orphan son.

William had finished his studies and attained the age of manhood. I shall not be able to describe the epocha of his life which now awaited him, better than by inserting part of his correspondence with his old uncle.

*Extracts from Letters written by
William to his Uncle, and the Answers
of the latter.*

I.

— I have made up my mind to quit Gottingen, and am waiting for your orders and advice, my dear uncle, to determine finally upon the place of my residence, and the career which I am to choose. I have gathered a tolerable store of knowledge in various branches of science, and flatter myself to be able to do pretty well in any situation; for a player, who once knows the cards, must be equal to enter into the nature of any game which accident throws in his way, and be able to conduct it well, though the trumps should be in his antagonist's hands.

It is said that it would be easy to write the whole collection of human knowledge

knowledge which is founded on *mathematical certainty*, upon a blank card; and we rummage many a thick folio volume in vain to gather a few words which could be added to that collection. I never quit our public library without a kind of anxiety; so many books, so much to read; life is so short, the card so small, and yet a man must be a Polyhistor to fill it only half. No, no, I will not choose a learned profession! I will rove the boundless creation of God, will enjoy the variegated pleasures of nature, not pry into its most occult mysteries in order to form a system to-day, which to-morrow would be confuted by the most simple phænomenon. However, while I am pursuing this idea, an internal monitor whispers to me: "You are a link in the great social chain; it would degrade you were you to spend your uncle's wealth in idleness, and occasionally to bestow a shilling upon
a fellow-

a fellow-creature in distress; your faculties belong to the state, which protects you in the quiet possession of your property." The regard which we have for our *self* is a singular sensation; it is widely different from that which we have for the merits of others. The latter is but too frequently influenced by the prejudices which we have imbibed in our youth, by external and accidental attributes, wealth and pedigrees. However, that which affords me satisfaction in solitude, and frequently renders me superior to sufferings, and the erroneous opinions of the world; in short, what every honest man seeks and finds more or less within himself, cannot be purchased of the voice of the low or titled populace.

I will, therefore, devote myself to some profession, lest I should be an idle drone in the great bee-hive of the world;

world; I will fly out and in, gather and work: your orders will assign me my station.

II.

Nicolaus Ortenberg to William.

Give me leave to tell you, my dear nephew, that neither the beginning nor the conclusion of your letter has met with my approbation. To speak the truth, William, you have ceased being the simple child of nature which you was when you left the house of your venerable mentor. The periods and turnings of your letter are stiff and affected; you presume to be in possession of the true philosophy of life, although you are only a book-philosopher. We must have seen the world, and experienced something, if we are not to be astonished by every uncommon appearance, and desire to bear the joys

joys and sufferings of this world with equanimity. Hark ye, my son, when you write again to your uncle, let your letter be more cordial and familiar. I hate all formality and cold civility in letters which one friend writes to another. Speak the simple and artless language of the heart, and fear not to offend me by frank bluntness. As for the station which you are to choose, it is nothing to me; this is entirely your business. I don't care what you are, while you are an honest man, and this you can be in any station. However, it would give me pleasure if you would rove the world a few years longer, and then take a good and gentle wife like my Welli! Alas! I have not yet learnt to pronounce or to write her name without shedding tears.

The workmen have finished yesterday the little temple in the garden, and the altar in the middle, upon which
the

the urn is to stand that incloses the ashes of my Welli. I took the urn out of the chest in which it was locked up ever since I left the East-Indies; for I had not the courage to tear my wounds open. As I was saying, I took it out, and found a pair of bracelets and some rings of my Welli's in the chest, and strolled with it into the garden. My tears fell upon the urn, my hands trembled several times so violently, that I almost dropt it, and my knees knocked together. I was obliged to rest myself upon a turf seat. The urn now stands upon the altar, the temple is hedged in with rose-trees, and bears the following inscription:

*Tomb of the good Welli, the gentlest of
her Sex.*

When my tears once shall be dried
up, that is, when my eyes shall be shut
for ever, it is to remind you, my dear
nephew,

nephew, that I loved my dear Welli better than any thing in this world. I hope you then will visit our ashes every morning and evening, and think of us.

I command you, nephew, and desire it of you as the only return for my paternal love, not to let me be buried when I am dead. This is a foolish custom, and I will have nothing to do with it. Some millions of dead bodies are annually buried under ground, to infest the air with pestilential exhalations, to assist death in his destructive operations, and to enrich the physicians. The church-yards ought to be divided amongst poor families, to be turned into fertile fields, for the benefit of the living. But the corpses—Why they ought to be burnt as they do in the East-Indies, and in other countries, which would prevent them from going through all those horrid degrees of corruption, and reduce them

them at once to dust, from which they were taken.

I once was in a museum, where I saw corruption imitated in wax, by a skilful artist; and I assure you, William, it was horrid to see how the eyes are covered first with a kind of moss, and the state of the dead body grows more frightful every day. I prefer the burning of the dead to their being buried; besides this, also on account of the living relations and friends. They drag you out of the town, screwed up in a box, bury you six or seven feet deep under ground, raise a tomb over you, and leave you to rot. Your friends and relations forget you, have nothing that could remind them of you, and, at most, cast on a Sunday, when they go to church, a look at your grave as they pass, to see whether it be not yet overgrown with grass? If your relations remove from the paternal soil, to some distant country,

country, you remain behind, rot among strangers, are forgotten, and your name occupies at most a small space in the church-register, or on the genealogy, and you are entirely expunged from the hearts of those that were dear to you.

It is quite otherwise if the flame saves your body from corruption. The small heap of ashes which remain, are carefully gathered by the hand of your widow, your children, or your friend; their eyes moisten the dear relics with affectionate tears, they are inclosed in an urn, and if your friends should not be able or inclined to preserve that urn in a temple, like that which I have erected to the memory of my dear Welli, they may place it upon a table under the looking-glass, instead of your French clocks, conduct their children to it, take off the cover, and shew them the small remains of a human being,

being, and, I am sure, this will make a deeper impression upon their hearts than their standing with horror before a grave, from which corruption grins, and pestilential vapours infest their smelling organs.

Do you imagine, my son, that the Romans and Greeks, whose history I read with admiration in my solitude, would have performed such heroic deeds, and devoted themselves so cheerfully to death, if they had been obliged to suffer their bodies to be committed to the nauseous and horrid operations of corruption? You may smile! I am no psychologist; however, this supposition has a great deal of probability in my opinion. And it is, besides, such a sublime sight to see the flame blaze aloft, and the smoke tower to the skies—one should think the spirit were rising like a phoenix from his ashes.

In

In short, my son, I desire to be burnt after my death ! I have already bespoke an urn which is to contain the remains of my old bones, and request you to place it near that of my dear Welli. You then may sometimes take a walk to the temple with your wife and children, in the dusk of eve, relate my history to them, and think of me.

In case death should surprise me unexpectedly, and before I have declared my last will as to this point, you are to consider this letter as my testament, and produce it before the magistrates, to prevent all disputes with these gentlemen. I should think that it must be entirely indifferent to them, whether the body of a deceased honest man be destroyed by the flames or by vermin. If not, you may cause an empty coffin to be buried, and burn my corpse privately. If that also should not be practicable

on

on account of the pile which must be set on fire, I desire you will cover my body with quick-lime and moisten it with water. It will answer the same purpose. Farewell*.

III. *William*

* It is entirely indifferent to me whether the reader think that the opinion of honest Nicolaus be an offspring of innocent enthusiasm, or regard it as a proposal founded upon real Psychology. However, I cannot help relating on this occasion an instance of which I was an eye-witness, and which I shall never be able to forget. I travelled a few years since through several parts of Germany, and met at R^a with an actor, a very worthy man, with whom I formerly had been connected at Petersburg. He had lost his wife during the time I had not seen him, and his family now consisted only of a daughter, a lively and amiable young lady, endowed with a rich vein of wit and humour, in whose company I had spent many happy hours during my residence at Petersburg. She was as lively as ever, abandoned herself to her humorous gaiety, laughed and gave a free vent to her jovial mirth. I cast accidentally

III.

William to Nicholas.

I now am at Hanover, dearest uncle, and wish to stay a few weeks longer here. You will therefore be so kind as to send your letters and the money

I am
a look at her toilette, and beheld—a piece of furniture which I never had expected to see on the dressing table of a lady—a skull. I asked with surprise: “how the duce happens that skull to parade here?” She shed suddenly a torrent of tears, and replied sobbing: “It is the skull of my sainted mother! My father insists upon my having it constantly before my eyes, lest I should forget her maternal admonitions.”—I cannot but confess that I was so much surprised at that singular idea, as to fix my eyes sometime mute and immoveable on the skull. I had known her mother; her form was before my eyes, and now nothing was left of it but those bones. Indeed, I was more powerfully affected than I should have been upon her grave. And what do you think, kind reader? Suppose the young lady had really

I am to have, to this place; I lodge at the London Tavern. Baron W**, an academic friend of mine, was the original cause of my stopping here. I am very well pleased with Hanover; the town has several pretty streets, and fine buildings; the circumjacent country is beautiful, and I have been introduced to some very enlightened and worthy men. Their number is,

really been as giddy as she was virtuous. Suppose her profession had exposed her daily to the snares of seduction, and she had already been reduced to the brink of ruin: would not a single look at that skull have been sufficient to recal her to the path of virtue?—Do not object that time weakens impressions of that nature, and at last expunges them entirely.—The mother was already two years dead, and the tears of her daughter dropped warm upon my hand. Indeed, if her corpse had been rotting at the church-yard, she would not have remembered her with so much interest and emotion!

Note of the Narrator.

indeed, but small; however, *one* rose is worth more than an hundred odorless tulips, notwithstanding their gaudy colours.

I have spent an evening with the excellent Mr. Zimmermann, whose book on solitude, as you informed me lately, contributes so much to sweeten your solitary retirement. He appears in the first quarter of an hour to be cold and repelling, the cause of which is, probably, to be imputed to the impertinent intrusions of those mechanical travellers who come only to stare at him, and to be able to say: I have seen the famous Zimmermann. But when he perceives that he has a man before him whose heart is susceptible of congenial warmth, and unreserved communication, the chilling clouds which hang on his brow, disappear gradually, and his looks bespeak so much mildness and good nature, as to captivate the heart irresistibly, which has been my case. I should
be

be proud, if I could flatter myself that the love and regard which I have conceived for that excellent man, are not intirely indifferent to him.

My friend has also introduced me to the families of several noblemen; however, I do not like the tone which prevails there. I never met with more stiffness, absurd formality, and foolish pride than I saw in these circles; the ladies distinguish themselves particularly in this respect. They make a distinction here between higher and inferior nobility, and the former think it would be a disgrace to them, were they to spend only a few hours with the latter under one roof, or even in the open air. As I am but a vile plebeian, and my ancestors were only permitted to look at theirs, while they tilted and broke each others bones; you may easily imagine that they scarcely deign to look at me. My friend W** is frequently very much

G 3

distressed

distressed at the silly haughtiness with which they treat me—and I?—I will laugh a few weeks more at their folly and then proceed on my travels.

IV.

Nicolaus to William.

You are a fool, my dear nephew; upon my soul you are, for lavishing your time in the company of those noble coxcombs, and confirming them in their presumption that they do you a great deal of honor by tossing up their noses at you. Take care not to tempt me to suspect that you have no intrinsic worth of which you can be proud, since you degrade yourself to be shone upon by the borrowed rays of a lamp. I have a very indifferent opinion of a man who is (or at least ought to be) sensible of his dignity, has a comfortable income, and needs
but

but to *seek* friendship, and rational conversation among his equals, if he wishes to find them, and nevertheless intrudes himself shamefully upon a circle where he is tolerated only on account of his mammon.

I do, however, by no means intend to infer by this remark that a nobleman, a baron, or a count, cannot be a warm friend of a plebeian; God forbid I should be so unjust! There are, indeed, many worthy noblemen who know very well that nobility is an inheritance which imposes more duties upon them than we humble plebeians have to fulfil in our sphere. However, I would advise you, my son, not to enter into the bonds of friendship with a nobleman, unless you have tried him sufficiently whether he be deserving of possessing your heart. Watch him with peculiar attention when you meet with him in company of other noblemen. If he should he-

sitate on these occasions to shake you cordially by the hand, to withdraw with you to a confidential corner in presence of his equals, and to enter with you into a familiar conversation, you ought to shun him, because he is ashamed of his friend! upon my soul he is! It grieves me to tell you that I have made this experience since my return to Germany; and that it has cost me some very unpleasant hours.

I am not at all astonished to learn that you have found the women more foolish and silly than the men; this is the case every where. The less a person has deserved a superior dignity, the prouder will he be of it. A man who has no other merit besides his title, will never forgive you if you neglect styling him my Lord; but a faithful servant of the state who is conscious of his internal worth and smiles at empty words, will not even take notice of such an omission.

Hark

Hark ye, my son ! I wish to see your next letter dated from some other corner of the world ; although I am extremely happy to learn that you have made the acquaintance of my dear Zimmermann. You may tell him that I esteem him not a bit the better since the empress of Russia has sent him an order, but that I have more regard for that Princess on that account. Farewell !

V.

William to Nicolaus.

You are perfectly right, my dear uncle. I was already going to prepare for my departure and to make a trip to England ; but I know not what to think of the singular change which I have undergone within these few days ; I am entirely altered. I

take a book in my hand and read not; I sit down to the harpichord and play not; I tread in all puddles when I walk through the street, and I neglect to return the compliment when an acquaintance salutes me in passing by. I perceive it not when it rains, and am not sensible of it when the sun shines. I am particularly fond of solitude, and imagine that I am by myself when I am in large circles. The song of the nightingale makes me melancholy, and I look at the setting sun with tearful eyes. My heart is uncommonly full, my head is empty, my bosom is straitened, I seem to think and am thoughtless. Tell me, dear uncle, what can all this mean?

VI.

Nicolaus to William.

Fool ! you are in love ; upon my soul you are ! I was exactly in your situation after I had seen my Welli the first time. God grant your mistress may be like her ! I did not intend to marry you so soon ; however, I find I shall be obliged to give up my plan ; for, I know that love cares not for plans. I only beg you to consider that she is to be your partner in life till death. Above all things endeavour to be certain whether she have a good heart ? As for the rest, it is all alike to me, whether she be noble or of an humble station, rich or poor, handsome or ugly. I shall receive her as my daughter ; you shall beget children and render my old days days of joy ; and now basta !

VII.

William to Nicholas.

You have guessed right, dear uncle, I am in love, over head and ears enamoured with a beautiful and good girl. It gives me pleasure to speak of her; be so good, dear uncle, to listen to me.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, last Monday fe'ennight, when my friend introduced me to the minister, Baron Wall. There was a kind of rout*, or whatever they call it; a dozen of card tables stood in the spacious apartment, painted ladies and sweet-scented gentlemen sat round them; a tea table stood before the

* A rout at five o'clock in the afternoon? What unfashionable bears these Germans are!

Note of the Printer.

sofa,

sofa, on which sat a charming girl who poured out the tea; I say, *a girl*—for every one that beheld her lovely person forgot that she was a *Lady of rank*.

Baron Wall received me with a cheerful and engaging countenance, yet without denying the man of rank. He is far advanced in years; his face is the picture of old German honesty, his grey hair grew white in the service of the state, and no one can help loving the man at first sight. The case stands differently with regard to the Baroness, whose eyes and nose bespeak the Hanoverian family-pride; she can laugh in a most chilling and arrogant manner, is proud of the station of her husband, and looks with pity down upon the inferior classes of beings, like an angel, if I may use this simile, upon an ant-hill. She returned my submissive bow with half a nod of her head, and did me the honour

honour not to speak a word to me. The whole company took notice of me; whispers went from ear to ear, and when they had ascertained that I was not of noble extraction, the games were continued without further interruption.

The card tables which were before unoccupied, now were peopled by degrees, I was invited to engage in a party at *l'hombre* with a plebeian counsellor and an ensign, who were looked upon as the lowest in rank (for here they pay regard to the difference of rank even at the card-table); but as I am an enemy to cards they turned their backs on me, as a person who knows nothing of the *bon ton*, and left me at liberty to amuse myself as well as I could. I walked up and down the apartment, looked at the prints, teased the parrot, counted the glass-panes, and did not

not know what to do with my humble self.

Lack of amusement led me at last into an adjoining apartment, where four or five young ladies were sitting engaged in chearful chat; for the unmarried ladies are here rarely admitted to the card-table. Although I am no *misogyn*, yet I always was to that moment *timid* in female circles, and as my galantry is but so so, I found it really difficult to introduce myself to them in a proper manner. An honest man is never more in danger of acting like a blockhead than when he is to converse with young ladies of rank to whom he is an utter stranger. The dear creatures do not ask whether the man who is presented to them be learned, a pattern of probity and a deserving member of the state, whose exterior—though it should be rather ridiculous—ought not to come into consideration; no, they re-
view

view him at the first bow from top to toe, let all his motions, all the different pieces of his dress run the gauntlet through hundreds of curious looks, comment on every word he utters, laugh if his waistcoat be too long or his bag too large, and frequently marry him after all and blush at their folly.

I do not recollect how I extricated myself from that dilemma. The young ladies seemed to be rather frolicksome, but, for the rest, were good and harmless creatures, whose acquaintance I made in a trice. They asked me how I liked Hanover? whether I intended to make a long stay, &c. &c. The conversation was soon at an end, the replies and questions grew drier and drier, and I secretly rejoiced at the fortunate idea of Lady Amalia (the Baron's daughter whom I had seen first at the tea-table), who laid her work down and
went

went to a piano-forte, which stood at the other end of the apartment. "I don't care (thought I) how indifferently she plays; it will at least save me the trouble of talking nonsense; I need but pretend to be all ear, and may give vent to my thoughts as I please." I placed a couple of chairs by the instrument, for her and myself, and we sat down.

Amalia laid a sonata of Hofmister upon the desk, and pulled off her gloves. Gracious heaven! what a hand did I perceive! So white, so round, so little and full—whoever is led through life by such a hand must walk on roses. But all this was nothing to what followed. She began to play, and her notes stole upon my heart. The tip of every finger seemed to have a soul; every movement of the sweet enchantress spoke forcibly to the heart. I thought it dangerous to listen any longer to her
 enchanting

enchanting strains, and was going to withdraw my eyes from the beautiful hand, when they unfortunately were caught by her bosom, which rendered my situation still more dangerous. I tell you, dear uncle, there is not such another bosom in the world. If the fire of your imagination should be extinguished, you need but to recall to your memory that happy moment when you met your sainted Well! the first time, and was hailed by the sight of her swelling bosom. What you felt then was but trifling, it was Greenland cold, if compared with the fire which ran through my veins while I sat by Amalia's side. How the transparent gauze heaved and was swelled! Cato would have smiled, and Plato, forgetting his dreams, blinked at her neckerchief with half-closed eyes. I grew dizzy, forgot myself, dropt my head, and my lips imprinted a warm kiss upon her hand. Amalia blushed;

my

my perplexity was greater than I can express. She continued to play, was out of time, touched the wrong keys; I knew not where I was. In short, our hearts had understood each other; however, I shall tell you in my next letter, *how* I betrayed her eyes, and at last her lips, into the sweet confession that I am not indifferent to her, &c. &c.

VIII.

Nicolaus to William.

Heaven protect us! my poor nephew has lost his understanding! upon my soul, he has! When you write again to your old uncle, you will do well not to introduce *Plato*, the *fool* in the tip of the fingers, and similar nonsense. What is your whole love affair to me? I will advise you not to teaze me again in a further letter with

your

your amorous declamations; and desire you not to draw any further comparisons between your duleinea and my Welli. Marry the girl, in the name of God, but don't pester me with your description of her hand and bosom; all this is nonsense. The hand will not always be round and full, nor will the bosom always heave; you may be sure of it. An union for life requires more important considerations. Many a husband rather would lay upon a stone, than on the swelling bosom of a scold.

However, all this is nothing to me. I do not care whether you marry a swelling bosom and a white hand, or any thing else; that is your business: the happier you are, the more pleasure will it give me. But it is a bare-faced falsehood when you pretend that I am as cold as an inhabitant of Greenland, if compared to you, and that I was as
frosty

Hotly as show in situations in which you think your heart to be all on fire.

However, I shall be glad if you can contrive to make that enthusiastic fit last all your life! But I am not pleased at all to learn that you are in love with the daughter of a man of rank; she will be infected with so many strange manners, whims, and formalities as to be very little pleased with the Indian simplicity of your poor old uncle. I tell you, nephew, you will not be able to prevail upon me to come to your wedding; for the tone of your societies, as you describe it, is much too stiff for me.

But how come I to talk already of the wedding? as you do not yet know whether the girl will take you, or, which is the same, whether her parents will receive you as their son-in-law? Consider, nephew, a minister of state, a *Baroness*, an *honourable* Miss, and plain *Mr. Ortenberg*—I see a
tempest

tempest rising in the sky, the vessel is not yet in port. If, however, money should be able to contribute something to pilot it safely into the harbour, you may tell them that you have five thousand dollars a year, and will have as much again after the death of your old uncle, Nicolaus.

IX.

William to Nicolaus.

Kindest best of uncles, your paternal love has drawn tears of gratitude from my eyes. I will not speak much about it; but if God conduct me once happily to your arms, I will prove to you that the seeds of your generosity were not scattered on sterile soil.

Being sure of your approbation, I have ventured to make application to the parents of my Amalia; they were startled and perplexed, and gave me

an

an ambiguous answer. I requested my friend W** to reconnoitre the ground for me; a whole week was spent in consultations with the whole family. My plebeian origin was put in one scale, and my 5000 a year was put in the other; the tongue was in the middle. Amalia loves me sincerely; I am proud of this sweet conviction; however, her heart was not asked.

They sent me at last word by a near relation, that I should have the girl if I would purchase a patent for nobility. It is a mere whim, my dear uncle, but what can I do? Amalia is innocent of it, and my happiness is at stake. I have already spoken to a genealogist, and shewn him our family seal, which, as you know, has a man with a whip upon the helmet. He assures me that our family must be extremely old, and proves by our arms that it formerly was noble. He says the Scythians had

had once made a long inroad into Asia; their slaves seized upon their houses and wives during their absence, and took to arms, when their masters returned. After they had fought a long time, with alternate success, an old Scythian proposed at last to his brethren in arms, to use only the whip against the refractory slaves, instead of warlike weapons. His idea was generally approved and carried into execution; every warrior seized a whip, the sight of which recalled all the servile pusillanimity of the slaves, and behold, they threw down their arms, and took to flight. The Novogardi-
dians, whose town lays in Sarmatia, struck a medallion in memory of that event, upon which a horseman brandishes a long whip; and the old Scythian who first started that idea, was permitted to bear the man with the whip in his arms.

You

You see, dear uncle, that our family is pretty ancient. I expect your answer with impatience, and hope you will have the kindness to send me a bill of exchange; for you know that now a-days a person must have money if he wants to be made a noble man.

X.

Nicolaus to William.

No, no, William, it cannot be! Your genealogist is a fool as well as yourself. How can you talk of Scythians and Sarmatians? We are honest Germans and nothing else. I will give you an explanation in my manner of the fellow with the whip. I should think that our ancestor was an honest carter, who led his waggon and his four greys or blacks from one town to the other, and walked humbly by

the side of his cattle. He, probably, saved as much by his industry, as enabled him to make himself comfortable in his old age, and to leave a good fortune to his children. His children, being desirous to preserve the memory of their industrious father in the family, put a carter with a whip at the top of the helmet, where it has remained to the present day. This sounds more natural and probable than the story of your genealogist, and you need not to be ashamed of having had a carter for an ancestor, for his profession was ten times more honourable than that of an highwayman, which was that of all the cavaliers of those times.

There has been one before you of our family, who was as great a fool as yourself. He did not like the carter's whip, and pretended that it ought to be a monk with a scourge, asserting boldly that the engraver had lengthened it
out

out of ignorance into a whip. I never shall forget the answer which my father gave him. "Cousin," said he, "would you rather have a lazy big-bellied monk for an ancestor, than an industrious and useful carter? The scourge has never been able to drive any evil out of the world, but we owe, perhaps, to the whip, our present prosperity." Hark ye, nephew, these were the sentiments of your grandfather, I would therefore advise you not to speak disrespectfully of the whip.

As for your *purchasing* a title at Vienna, I will not hear another word of it. A title bought for money is still less worth, than one that has been inherited, and since I have read in *Schloezer's Journal* how much is to be paid for a patent of a count, baron, and nobleman, I cannot help thinking with contempt of these despicable practices.

The bestowing of titles was originally a most excellent institution; they were obtained only by merit and courage, and the dignity of knight did not even descend to the children. The same practice is still kept up in China and other rational countries, where the father is a minister of state, while the son is a common sailor, if he be not deserving of a better station. Such a title is worth while accepting, and we bow willingly to such a nobleman. However, the beardless boys who rove our country, and cause themselves to be stiled my Lord, are in my eyes less respectable than a laborious *Paria** of the coast of Coro-

* The *Parias* compose the lowest and most despised cast or tribe in India. Those that come near them are considered as being impure. They must make themselves known already at a great distance by loud cries, if they will not run the risk of being killed by the first person that meets them.

mandel.

mandel. Our sovereigns ought to be ashamed of bestowing for the sake of dirty lucre, their patents of nobility, to fellows who have no other merit besides that which they derive from their pelf, and thereby destroy the spur of honour which is the main spring of monarchies.

This is my creed with regard to this point, and you may easily conclude that you neither will obtain my consent nor money to purchase a title. Deserve a title by your superior merit, and I shall honour you for it, and be proud to call you Baron Ortenberg.

Till then farewell ! You may look out for another wife.

CHAPTER VII.

Fell prejudice by darkness bred,
 Stalks slaught'ring through the world to shed
 The blood of innocence; destruction goes
 Before the monster, nameless woes
 Are in its rear; its noxious breath
 Blasts humble merit, wing'd with death.
 And black despair are its decrees:
 Virtue herself bends oft her knees
 And worships at the monster's shrine
 And stains with disgrace her divine
 And bliss dispensing deeds, imbrues
 Her hands with brother-blood, subdues
 Her noblest feelings, shuts her ears
 'Gainst Pity's voice, beholds the tears
 Of weeping suff'ers with disdain;
 And cleaves the breaking heart in twain.
 Ye Gods of earth, unite to tear
 The monster's mask, and break its spear
 Which slaughters thousands and destroys
 The social bond. Behold and shed
 A mournful tear, a tree which spread
 Its fruitful branches in the air,
 Is worthy of your tender care
 And long the furious tempests stood,
 Is disgraced by a *poisoned shoot*!

POOR

POOR William, you did not expect to receive such a letter of your good old uncle. How beautiful did *Hope*, that arch-deceiver, paint your approaching happiness to you? how joyfully did you anticipate in Amalia's arms the bliss of future days! The confident tone in which he had announced his uncle's consent, procured him free access to the Baron's house; he was permitted to take a seat by Amalia's side at table, to attend her on her excursions, yea, even to see her sometimes in her own apartment. The sweet girl, accustomed herself to regard him as her intended husband, gave free vent to all her feelings, and gradually buried the arrow of love so deep in her bosom, as neither to be able nor inclined to pull it out again.

The old honest Baron who in the very beginning had approved of young Ortenberg's courtship, but was entirely under petty-coat government, was rejoiced, on account of the smallness of his fortune, to have an opportunity of marrying Amalia, his darling daughter, to a man like Ortenberg; he cared nothing about his plebeian origin, and the foolish demand that he should purchase a title at Vienna originated entirely in the head of his dear help-mate. The Baroness was, indeed, glad to have an opportunity of getting rid of a girl whose blooming beauty eclipsed her fading charms.

She resolved, at the same time, to condescend to accept of her intended son-in-law, a present of a pair of brilliant ear-rings, or any precious trifle of that sort, and to do him the honour of giving splendid balls and sumptuous suppers at his expence,

expence, which the declining state of her purse, and the universal intrusion of her plebeian creditors, had prevented her to do for years. How grateful soever these prospects were to her favourite propensities; yet I would not have the reader to suppose that they were sufficient to procure her consent to receive William without a title into her family. Her motto was: *Pain bis et bonheur!* and if William, like the kings of Persia, could have assigned the revenues of a whole province for every piece of her dress, all his provinces would have been ranked among that class of things which, indeed, can be borrowed without being paid for, but cannot be compared with a rotten piece of parchment.

Poor William! the post is arrived, the postman is already in the street in which you live, you stand at the window with a beating heart, he enters

H 5

your

your house, the servant brings you a letter, which, indeed, is sealed with the family seal, upon which the Scythian brandishes his whip, but is so light and thin, that it is impossible it could contain a few hundreds of yellow comforters. But who knows? the useful invention of bills of exchange, which alone ought to be sufficient to endear the Jews to us, affords some reason to hope that it may be animated with a slip of paper which begins with the words: Please to pay three weeks after date, &c. &c.

He opened the letter, read it impatiently, threw it indignantly upon the table, took it up again, perused it once more, folded it and at last put it into his pocket with a deep sigh. "What shall I do? what will the Baroness say? what Amalia? what her father?" These questions revolved in his head like the vortices of Cartesianus, till he resolved at last to write
once

once more to his uncle, to attack his heart with the eloquence of love, to paint his disconsolation, his despair, and to leave his mistress and her parents in the error that he had not yet received an answer from his uncle, till he should have ascertained what effect his epistle would have on his flinty heart.

He sat down and drew up a letter, but I must decline repeating to my readers all the arguments and ideas which he introduced; for his disconsolate epistle swelled to the size of a book, a treatise in which he laboured to prove, that it is absolutely necessary we should accommodate ourselves to the follies and humours of the world, supporting his arguments by the opinions of ancient and modern philosophers, and non-philosophers, and elucidating them by a powerful host of examples. "Would you not, my dearest uncle" wrote he amongst
H 6 others :

others : " have thought the old Bramin Akbar to be the most cruel and unjust of men, if he had refused to unite his Welli to you, because you was no Tamulian, and did not belong to his cast ?"

" Very true !" replied Nicolaus : " and I give you leave to form any opinion of Baron Wall, who will not let you have his daughter, because you are no Baron."

" Did you not yourself" continued William : " submit to the rites which he prescribed to you ? Did you not perform the *Sandiwane*, did you not adorn the *Lingam* with flowers, not because you thought this was a more powerful ceremony, than the sprinkling with holy water ; but because the possession of Welli depended upon the performance of that ceremony ? Believe me, dearest uncle, we should be compelled to fly to dreary desarts, to turn *Ancharites*, and to renounce the
the

the conversation with men for ever, if we were to refuse every little sacrifice to the rooted prejudices of our times. You are more to me than a father, you gave me more than life, for I owe to your generous care every accomplishment of my mind which renders me worthy of possessing my Amalia. You destroy your own work, and rob me in one moment of every thing you gave me, by depriving me of that sweet hope. Amalia alone is able to spur me to arrive at greater perfection, and I shall turn a villain, if I cannot obtain her."

"You may turn any thing" replied Nicolaus: "except a nobleman *for money*. Did I not tell you that you should endeavour to deserve a title by your merits? Have you no courage to earn an order by devoting your abilities to the state? Fie, shame! Love ought to raise your sentiments,
and

and you whine like an effeminate Corydon."

"Well, I then will turn soldier!" exclaimed William in a passion: "the military line is the only one in which I may hope to purchase that miserable distinction at the expence of my blood. I will fly to encounter dangers! I will *voluntarily fly* into the midst of scenes of carnage and destruction, to which the grey veteran *creeps* trembling and reluctant, will attract the general's notice, and either wrest an order from the icy hand of death, or fall on the field of battle."

Thus spoke William, glowing with youthful ardour, and animated by the fire of the most ardent love, with enthusiastic fervour. His amorous frenzy made it appear as easy to him to mount the summit of the Cordilleras, as it would be to step over an ant hill. However, he found it by far more difficult to take the resolution

tion to shew to his mistress, and her proud mother, the mountains which *prejudice* on one side, and well meant *pertinacity* on the other had thrown up between them. Amalia soon read melancholy in his eyes, and drew the dreadful secret from his heart.

After an awful pause, during which a pearly tear stole from her blue eye, she offered him her hand with a mournful smile :

“ Dear William !” said she : “ I am scarcely seventeen years old, and you are only in your twenty-fifth. I will remain constant to you.”

That William swam in an ocean of bliss, that he clasped Amalia in his arms, and sealed the vow of eternal fidelity a thousand times upon her lips, is matter of course which scarcely wants being mentioned. It is equally obvious that a conversation must have ensued between the Baron and his lady, nearly of the following tenor :

Baroness.

Baronefs. He shall not come any more to our house.

Baron. But he is a polite and sensible man.

Baronefs. He is no nobleman.

Baron. But our daughter loves him.

Baronefs. She shall not love him; he is no nobleman.

Baron. However, he has a fine fortune.

Baronefs. It would be better if he had a title.

Baron. But he would make Amalia happy.

Baronefs. It is impossible; for he is no nobleman.

Baron. This is mere prejudice, my dear; he is an honest man; and who knows what mean profession our ancestors may have carried on.

Baronefs. - I know nothing of your ancestors, my Lord; but as for mine, I must request you to keep your remarks

marks for yourself. My ancestor *Hans of Wumpsenpumps* was knighted by Emperor Henry, the bird-catcher, and tilted at the first tournament which was given in the year 936, after the creation of the world.

Baron. You mean after the birth of Christ?

Baroness. No, no, I tell you after the creation of the world. Christ was no nobleman, and the cavaliers were not used to count the years from his nativity.—However, you have interrupted me. Eberhard of Wumpsenpumps tilted at the tournament which Duke Lewis of Swabia gave at Constance on the Bodensee, and gained the principal prize. Henry of Wumpsenpumps had the same honour at the tournament which was held at Zurich, in the year 1165. Then—

Baron. Yes, yes, my dear, then comes Maximilian of Wumpsenpumps who tilted at Nuremberg, under

der Emperor Henry VI. in the year 1197, and so forth. I know it all by heart.

Baroness. Very well! if you then know it, how can you entertain the most distant idea of marrying our daughter to *Mr. Ortenberg*?

Baron. Because I think that your ancestors have not tilted to ruin my daughter's happiness.

Baroness. Stupid nonsense! I will make her happy. I have a count in view for her.

Baron. I hope not Count Wimmerwammer?

Baroness. The very same.

Baron. But you don't consider, my dear, that he is a down right blockhead.

Baroness. He is a count, and this is quite sufficient.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders and said not a word more, for my lady threatened to faint, an argument which always convinced her good natured.

natured help-mate. ||Ortenberg was therefore dismissed with a *cold excuse*, a *proud toss of the nose* and a *warm kiss*. I leave my readers to guess who gave him the first and second, and from whom he received the last farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
 Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
 Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
 Were the whole known, that we uncouth sup-
 pose,

Doubtless, 'twould beauteous symmetry disclose.
 The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
 In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
 Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragment
 seen,

Shew, though in broken views, the blue serene.
 Severe distresses industry inspire;
 Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
 And boldly struggle through a state of shame
 To life, ease, plenty, liberty and fame.
 We pass through want to wealth, through
 dismal strife

To calm content, through death to endless life.

SAVAGE.

“**D**EAR uncle, I am going in-
 to the army!” exclaimed William
 to old Nicolaus, when he met him
 at the foot of the Swiss mountains,
 in

in the lonely temple which concealed Welli's affhes: "I am going into the army, and shall set off to-morrow."

Nicolaus. I don't care, if you go to-day. Since when have you been seized with that blood thirsty idea?

William. Since paternal love has fled from your heart.

Nicolaus. 'Tis false! upon my soul, it is false! Young man, young man! I have placed you on a bed of roses, and now when you find a ruffled leaf in it, you groan and whine, and think you are the most wretched of mortals, as if the whole system of the world were to move after your commands.—What a miserable philosopher you are!

William. Be not angry, dear uncle! since I first saw Amalia, I know of no other system but of the system of love, and view every object through a coloured glafs.

Nicolaus.

Nicolaus. But love generally gives to her glasses a roseate colour?

William. Successful love does! however, mine must be satisfied with a small mixture of green, the livery of hope.

Nicolaus. Never mind! love always goes through all the colours of the rainbow, till at last every cloud disappears from the horizon, and only the sky-blue of friendship is seen, and then our days are sereneest.—Have you put an end to the farce with Amalia?

William (hurt). Farce, dear uncle?—what a word! Appears true and congenial love so ludicrous to you? how ill does this accord with your vaunted passion for the excellent woman whose ashes are inclosed in this urn!

Nicolaus. Peace, peace! don't be offended; I meant no harm. However, I shall not ask your pardon before

before a year is elapsed, provided you then are still serious in your passion for Amalia. You will see numerous pretty faces, hear many harmonious warblers.

William. I shall see *nothing* but the hostile banners, hear *nothing* but the thunder of cannons——where is war? Every moment is precious to me, and deprives me perhaps for ever of an opportunity of signaling myself—did you not say, dear uncle, that I am to acquire a title by glorious deeds?—I vow in the most solemn manner, you shall not see me again until I have acquired an order, or am in possession of some other badge of honour.

Nicolaus. How that blusters and boils. May I not know, my young hero, under whose banners you intend to enlist?

William. It is all alike to me. I have no objection to enlist among the
Tartars

Tartars if they have a mind to attack the Chinese.

Nicolaus. Fie ! shame ! your blood belongs to your country.

William. To my country ?—The world is my country ! I am a cosmopolite.

Nicolaus. You are a fool, a downright fool ! There, take it ! (he gives him a leather bag). There are a thousand ducats, go, and serve your king.

A dispute had arisen at that very time between two of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, which, however, lasted only a short time, because the old lion, as Raynal says, stepped once more forth from his den, and shook his mane with noble indignation. William applied for a commission in the army of the king of Prussia. Fortune was propitious to him. Count ** was just raising a corps of light cavalry, and as young Ortenberg distinguished himself by
his

his noble and polished figure, and wanted not for money, he obtained a commission as first lieutenant. His captain was shot soon after in a skirmish, and our hero who had received three wounds on the same occasion, succeeded him in his command.

You see, kind reader, that our hero is in a fair way to make good his word. Fortune, thou deceitful *ignis fatuus*, be kind to him, and light him on the path of honour, without deserting him maliciously in the morass of danger.

One day—he just had received a letter from Amalia, new fire rolled through his veins, he felt himself bold enough to rush into the midst of the most hazardous dangers——on that day he rode with about twenty of his men round the enemy's camp, teasing the out-posts, when he suddenly heard a firing of pistols at some distance. He rode towards the place of action,

and saw a small party of Prussians fighting against a superior number of Austrian hussars. An old Prussian General had ventured too far on a reconnoitring party, his retreat was cut off, and he was so dangerously wounded as scarcely to be able to keep himself in the saddle. William rushed furiously upon the enemy, paved himself a way to the General, who was pressed on all sides, and came to his assistance, at the very moment when an Austrian hussar was on the point of shooting him through the head. William's sabre severed his arm, the pistol went off, but the ball hit only the General's horse, who dropt down and rolled himself bleeding upon his rider. William was also in danger of losing his life, a ball whizzed by his head, and he received a cut of a sabre in his arm.

The enemy was at length dispersed, the old General was disengaged from
under

under the dead horse, and carried fainting to his tent. He was carried to bed, a surgeon dressed his wounds, and he opened his eyes: "Where is the officer who saved my life?"

William stood at the foot of the bed; the blood streamed from his wound.

"Yes, you are my preserver," said the General, with a faint voice, extending his hand towards William: "I owe you a great deal; will you favour me with your name."

William. Captain Ortenberg.

General. Ortenberg? Who was your father?

William. My father was master of the school at W**.

General (with violent agitation). Merciful God!—Children, retire a few moments.

His people quitted the tent.

General. Captain, I perceive the finger of God. I struggle in vain to arm

myself in this hour, which perhaps is my last, with principles which I once imbibed in the riots of dissipation. The powerful arm of God has seized me. I cast my eyes beyond the grave, and horrid spectres grin at me. Captain, summon up all your fortitude, I am the Governor of W**.

William (ejaculating a scream of horror). Merciful God! the murderer of my poor parents!

General. Yes, I am, and confess that this hour is the first of my repentance. I am at the brink of the grave; do not reject my prayer for forgiveness.

William, being dreadfully agitated, was not able to speak; his father's ghost stood before him; he imagined he saw his pale, emaciated figure, his breaking eyes, and that he heard his last groan: he put his hand to his sword——when his better genius whispered to him: “Recollect the promise
which

which you gave to your dying father !
 you have an opportunity to revenge
 yourself ; shew that you are an hero
 of humanity——forgive him !”

William struggled a moment, withdrew the hand from the hilt of his sword, and extended it to the wounded General.

“ General !” said he : “ I forgive you ; you owe this moderation to the shade of my murdered parent. I vowed to him, when he was dying, that I would not avenge his sufferings, otherwise I would have pursued you to the centre of the globe, plunged my sword into your heart, or died by your hand, to load your conscience with the murder of a whole family. I knew that you was in the army, and shunned the sight of you ; however, fate had decreed it otherwise. Die in peace, and if you should meet the spirit of my father beyond the grave,

tell him that I have kept my promise faithfully.

General. I will, generous young man! I wish it were in my power to retrieve part of my crimes before I die, and to indemnify the son for the injuries and sufferings I have caused to the father.

William. Indemnity! What do you call indemnification? Can you raise the dead? or do you imagine yourself able to purchase peace of conscience with money? I forgive you, General, out of regard for the last command of my unfortunate parent; and you mistake me very much if you impute this action to any other motive.

General. And would you really deny me the satisfaction of assisting the son of a man whom I have ruined?

William. I want no money, but serve for honour. If you can assist me
to

to attain *this* object, you will render it easier for me to forget what I have lost through you.

A chaplain entered the tent.

"Before I recur to you for consolation", said the General, "I must first ease my conscience by paying part of a debt which I owe to this young man."

His secretary was called in, and he indited to him, in William's presence, a report to the king, stating:

"That he had been surprised on a reconnoitring party, by a superior number of enemies, that Captain Ortenberg had come to his assistance in the most critical moment, and rescued him by his uncommon bravery from the Austrians, notwithstanding their great superiority; that he not only had saved his life, but also rendered the State the most important service, as he had had plans and papers in his

letter-case, which, without Ortenberg's assistance would unavoidably have fallen into the hands of the Austrians. He added, he could not reflect without trembling on the dreadful consequences which this might have produced, and requested the king to reward the brave Captain according to his deserts."

He signed the report with a trembling hand, and dispatched it by a courier. William quitted the tent, and the General was left in private with the Chaplain.

It is no difficult task to convert, at the brink of the grave, a libertine who never took the trouble to sin after principles, and was a free-thinker, for no other reason than that of having an opportunity to stun his conscience. The *Rev. Mr. Simson*, a stout square-bodied man, who had courage enough to exchange the bible for a sword, in
case

case of necessity, and to march at the head of an army, now raised his thundering voice, shaking the conscience of the wounded sinner, which just seemed to awake from a long lethargy, painted the eternity of damnation in horrid colours, and assured the officers, on coming out of the tent, after having exerted his pulmonary powers two hours, that he had saved a soul from the clutches of the devil.

The General himself imagined that he was suddenly transformed into a pious Christian; and this persuasion lasted——till his wounds began to mend, contrary to all expectation, and he grew tired of repenting. In short, he was so much better in three weeks, as to be able to keep a faro-bank at his bed-side, and after the lapse of five weeks, threw himself again into the arms of a strumpet.

It is but natural that he now was ashamed of having betrayed so much weakness, as he called it, and shunned William's company as much as possible. He scarcely spoke to him when he could not avoid him, spoke doubtfully of his courage, to palliate his ingratitude to his preserver, and at last, when William's presence became more and more intolerable to him, conceived the diabolical design of making away with him in an unsuspected manner. He contrived for this purpose to cause William to be commanded to all posts of danger. The artless young man, who thirsted after honour, and suspected no treachery, went cheerfully wherever he was ordered, and always returned to the camp with additional laurels.

The fame of his courage and zeal for the service, had already reached the ears of the commander in chief. He enjoyed the respect and love of his

his brother officers, and was esteemed by his superiors. Fortune smiled on him.

He was ordered one day to escort a waggon with money, and left the camp at the first dawn of day. He had not been many hours absent when a courier arrived from Berlin, and among other dispatches also brought intelligence that the king had been pleased to grant the brevet of a major to Captain Ortenberg, and to honour him with the order *Pour le Mérite*.

Ortenberg's promotion was made known in the army. No countenance bespoke envy, sincere joy sparkled in every eye; every one wished to be the first harbinger of that fortunate event; the return of William's regiment was impatiently waited for; some of his more intimate friends rode out of the camp, to meet him.

The regiment returned at last in the evening. It had been obliged to skirmish a great deal; the greater part of it had been cut to pieces, many officers wounded, and some killed—Captain Ortenberg was among the latter. A pistol shot had wounded him in the neck; he still kept his seat, though with difficulty, when another perforated his breast, and he dropt from his horse. His lieutenant attempted to carry him away; but he was already dying. Collecting his last remaining strength, he pulled his watch out of his pocket, gave it to the lieutenant, and conjured him by their mutual friendship, to deliver it himself to Amalia, and to request her to keep it in remembrance of a man who had died for her. The lieutenant gave him his word of honour and he breathed his last.

Many a rough warrior, many and veteran grenadier wept a tear after him.

him. His corpse was conveyed to the camp and buried with all military honours.

The order *Pour le Merité* adorned his coffin.

LAST CHAPTER.

To weep a tear of grief does not degrade
 The wise ; but it befits him not to loath
 The thorny path : he mounts the sunny top
 And leaves beneath his feet the scowling clouds
 With mischief big. The wise may wish for
 death,

But not complain in accents of despair
 Of his long journey through the vale of life :
 For all experience gain'd in life bears fruit
 Of happiness beyond the peaceful grave.
 Joy and the thorns of sorrow are alike
 Divided in this world. The Pilgrim who
 On roses walks to his long home will tread
 On thorns hereafter. My immortal self
 No law of gravity will check thy flight
 When Death, that messenger of peace and bliss
 Dissolves the clay-form'd bonds. We meet
 again

In yon realms where peace for ever reigns.
 These organs which enthrall th' eternal mind
 Are form'd by slow degrees for better worlds,
 And Death sets free the nobler self from ties
 Which bind the bliss-aspiring soul to hard
 And mind depressing servitude awhile.

Take

Take hold, thou Man of woe, of this sweet
hope,

When spiteful Fate bestrews thy path with
thorns

And moist thy mouldy bread with burning
tears.

Look up to yon realms of endless bliss,
Where sufferers whose hearts are link'd by woe
Will meet again and bless the hand that
mix'd

The cup of joy with heart-refining grief.

“**H**E was an excellent fellow! upon my soul he was!” groaned Nicolaus when he heard that his nephew was dead. “Alas! I now sit here like Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island, have every thing in abundance, and am, nevertheless, destitute of all comforts. The architect has built a beautiful house for me; but, alas! it is so large, so empty; when I blow my nose in my bed room the servants hear it in the kitchen, and my apartment is as silent as the grave when my Canary-birds and Parrots don’t chuse

chuse to chatter ; one could hear the death-watch click. I have a fine garden laid out after *Hirshfeld's* theory ; however, there is no other beaten path in it but that which leads to Welli's mausoleum, and I have no person that calls me from that favorite spot. I have a beautiful prospect into the mountains, but there is not a soul to whom I could say : look, what a charming view this is ! Of what use is my hoard of gold to me ? not even a beggar knocks at my door with whom I could share it.—I have lived long enough ! a person may, sometimes, live too long.—Why did I not reverse the mad law of the Indians ? Why did I not share the blazing pile with the corpse of my dear wife ? Who will now execute my last will ? Who will commit my body to the flames ? — Unfeeling and heartless hirelings will surround me when my breath

breath is gone, incase my body in a dark box, and commit it to corruption.—Fy! I have, indeed, lived too long!”

“ Thus moaned old honest Nicolaus in his solitude, and he grew week after week more tired of the world. He rose from his couch, because the morning dawned, and had not slept; he ate, because it was dinner time, and was not hungry; he went to bed, because it was night, and was not sleepy.

He was soon tired of leading such a vegetative life. He wished impatiently for the society of some sympathizing being on whose hand he could walk to the peaceful grave. He considered some time, and at last sat down to his desk and wrote to Hanover to Baron Wall.

Sir,

Sir,

The charms of your daughter have cost my poor nephew his life ; I demand an indemnification for that loss. I consider your Amalia as the widow of my son, and wish to be permitted to call her daughter. I am an old fellow, possess two hundred thousand dollars in hard cash, a house and jewels which are worth as much again. Let me share it with Amalia. I want nothing in return but her company. She shall close my eyes and cause my body to be burnt. I have only a few years more to live and then she will be my sole heiress. I shall, indeed, not purchase a title ; however, my calling her daughter will not deprive her of her nobility, and she may bestow her hand upon a count when I am dead.

We two old fellows shall, probably not meet in *this* life : however, I will
give

give you a faithful account of her in the *next* world ; upon my soul I will.

I beg you will have the goodness to give the inclosed trifles to your spouse in my name.

NICOLAUS ORTENBERG.

The inclosed trifles consisted of a set of brilliants worth above eight thousand dollars.

Poor Amalia had not enjoyed one hour of happiness since William's departure. While *Hope*, that pleasing deceiver, lived in her bosom, she bore patiently every harsh treatment of her proud mother, and when her worthy father one day brought her a newspaper in which Ortenberg's name was mentioned with applause, her virgin cheeks glowed with the crimson hue of desire ; her loving heart beat with fond expectation. She now looked with ardent desire towards every post-day, came always down
stairs

stairs when the letter-carrier knocked at the door, to receive the newspaper, running with impatient steps up stairs to examine the wished-for sheets, looked for the name of her beloved William, and found it at last——on the list of the killed.—

Poor, unfortunate girl! Alas how mournfully did now her juvenile days creep along! She was deprived even of the last consolation of a suffering mind; she durst not give vent to her tears. She was not permitted to indulge her grief, was always scolded when she cast her mournful eyes musing to the ground, was frequently obliged to hear the most cruel insinuations, and suffer herself to be chided for disgracing her noble birth by mean sentiments, and what was worse than this, was tormented day after day by the loathsome addresses of the little big-bellied count.

Thus

Thus desponding was her situation when the letter of honest Nicolaus arrived. The father was unwilling to part with his daughter ; however, the mother who hoped in vain to overcome Amalia's aversion from the little count, availed herself joyfully of this opportunity of getting rid of her. She called, indeed, the artless Nicolaus a *rude Bear*, because he had mentioned her so bluntly by the vulgar appellation of *your Spouse*, as he at least ought to have called her *her Ladyship* ; however, the brilliants appeased her ire a little ; she dressed herself with the precious gift, stept to the looking glass, and the tongue of the balance soon inclined to Ortenberg's side. She condescended to agree to his request.

My readers will easily conceive that Amalia was extremely glad to leave a house where the love of her father struggled in vain against his weakness,

weakness, and the pride of her mother poisoned all her innocent enjoyments, even the bitter pleasure of melancholy.

The treaty was soon concluded. Amalia enfolded the knees of her father, his tears trickled down upon her hand, his blessing consecrated the hour of parting. The mother kissed her upon her cheek, and declared that she would give her her curse if ever she should dare to disgrace the noble family of the Wumpsenpumpfes by throwing her heart away upon a plebeian. Amalia flung herself into the carriage, attended by an old meager French duenna, and proceeded towards Swisserland.

The old man received her with open arms, and sent the French antiquity immediately back to Hanover. He felt in a few hours benevolence for Amalia; loved her after a few days, and not many weeks were passed

passed when he doated on her. She accommodated herself to all the whims and singularities of his old age, wept with him at Welli's urn, was silent when he was disinclined to chat, read to him when he was cheerfully disposed, sat down to the harpsichord and lulled him asleep by her soothing play. She surprised him frequently by a rural feast, summoned his tenants to partake of his bounty on the pleasure ground which joined his house, and forced him sometimes to confess: that participating in the pleasures of others is the highest and purest bliss.

His heart was gratefully sensible of what Amalia did for him, and he meditated frequently in private how he could give her some unexpected pleasure, and the day on which he had the satisfaction to succeed in it was to him a day of festivity. Thus one month elapsed after the other,
and

and the rays of the rising sun emerging from behind the Alps, were hailed every morn by a content, if not a happy couple.

One morning — Amalia had just risen — a servant informed her a gentleman wanted to speak to her. She referred him to Nicolaus; but he insisted upon speaking to Lady Amalia Wall herself. She went down into the parlour and beheld an officer, who presented himself to her with modest propriety as Baron Waldburg. They sat down on the sofa, conversing on different subjects; the Lieutenant seemed distressed how he should introduce the object of his visit.

“My Lady,” began he at last, timidly, “I went in search of you to Hanover, to comply with my word of honour which I gave to a dying friend. This watch — belonged formerly to Major Ortenberg. He fell by my side and requested me before
he

he died to deliver this watch into your own hands, and to desire you to keep it for his sake.—Forgive me if I, perhaps, scar again a wound open which scarcely is closed.—I should have executed the last request of my dying friend much sooner, if the service had not prevented me.

Amalia swam in tears; she pressed the watch to her heart. A small seal which she had given William at Hanover was fixed to it. She wanted to thank the friend of her lover,—extended her hand towards him, but could not speak. The idea that her name had been the last word which her dear William had uttered, filled her heart with unspeakable sadness. Nicolaus now joined them, saw the object of Amalia's tears, and could not retain his. "I wish I had suffered him to buy a title!" This was all he could say.

That day was devoted to sorrow. Lieutenant Waldburg staid dinner, during which little was ate and less spoken. The full moon found them in the evening sitting silently at Welli's urn.

I now shall lay down the pen. Nicolaus and Amalia are still living, whether in Swisserland or at the foot of the Kaukasus will be indifferent to my readers. Nicolaus moistens Welli's ashes with his tears, and Amalia looks frequently at William's watch, and counts every hour which brings her nearer towards the grave.

THE END.



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